

Sports Illustrated



APRIL 4, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

MARQUETTE

**MAKES
ITS MARK**

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Burns Carolina
in the NCAAs**

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TAR**

**The one ultra-low tar
cigarette with taste.**



Regular, 6 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report October 1976.

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Get up to 10 extra miles out of a tankful of gas.

Now there's an oil that saves you gas.

It's called Mobil 1 and it reduces engine friction so well, it will take the average car up to 10 extra miles per tankful. But the miracle of Mobil 1 doesn't stop there.

Being synthetic, Mobil 1 protects your engine better than ordinary motor oil.

To prove it, we put Mobil 1 in a fleet of highway patrol cars for 12,000 miles, adding oil as needed. We then tested the "used" Mobil 1 against brand-new motor oils and found that even used, Mobil 1 protected like the ordinary new oils.

Mobil 1 also improves cold weather starts and also

works well in high temperatures.

At 35 degrees below zero, it will continue to flow and help you start easier.

And Mobil 1 doesn't thin out in a running engine the way ordinary oils do, even in the scorching heat of summer.

Finally, the oil that saves you gas also saves you oil. In both city and highway fleet tests, Mobil 1 cut oil consumption up to 25%.

You can't buy a better motor oil than this one.

Mobil 1 The oil that saves you gas.

FIAT ANNOUNCES A \$400 FACTORY REBATE ON THE '76 FIAT 131.

To get your rebate, just see your local Fiat dealer, pick the '76 Fiat 131 2-door coupe, 4-door sedan or wagon you want from his stock, and make your best deal with him. (He'll give you the details of when you have to take delivery to be eligible for your rebate.)

You can apply the \$400 rebate towards the down payment, or Fiat will send you a check for \$400 if you like.

Either way, you'll be getting a Fiat that's bigger and more luxurious than any Fiat you've ever seen. A car that offers a wealth of standard

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So besides getting the most rebate we've ever offered, you'll be getting it on the most Fiat we've ever offered.

FIAT

\$400 BACK





Why be the last woman on your block to have your own life insurance?

New York Life's Miss-Mrs.-Ms Policies.

If you have always thought that a few women buy life insurance but most don't, these facts may surprise you.

About 60% of American women now own individual life insurance. Last year, 32% of all life insurance policies New York Life issued were for women—working wives, career women, housewives.

Why does today's woman want life insurance? First, she knows that her death

would cause severe financial disruption for those who depend on her. Life insurance can't replace her, of course, but it can soften the financial blow. Second, if she lives a normal life span, her policy can build extra financial security for the retirement years.

Our Miss-Mrs.-Ms Policies. It may be time you got one for yourself. Ask your New York Life Agent for details soon.



We guarantee tomorrow today.

New York Life Insurance Company, 51 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10010. Life Group and Health Insurance. Annualized Premium Rates.

Take a spin on our new fully automatic turntable. And leave the direct driving to us.

With Sony's new PS-4300, you just sit back and enjoy the ride. Wherever the record takes you.

That's the blissful simplicity of a fully automatic turntable.

But the PS-4300 is more than purely practical. We like to think of it as a model union, combining the convenient and the complex.

It is a profoundly engineered machine, with intelligent design slashing through down to the smallest detail.

We gave brushes the brush.

The motor that powers the PS-4300 is brushless and slotless. Direct drive, if you will.



This deceptively simple construction makes for a smooth-running motor with less friction and noise than traditional DC motors. And it eliminates cogging.

What's more, this smooth-running motor is monitored by a smoothly-engineered 8-pole magnetic pick-up head. And our magnetic speed sensor works through an intricate electronic feedback system, driving the platter directly—without a jumble of belts and pulleys getting in the way.

So our torque is not a turkey, and we've got low wow and flutter and high speed stability to boot.

An electric eye. For your ear.

Hands off the PS-4300!



Our optical sensing system automatically returns the arm when your record is over.

Optical sensing is light years ahead of the conventional mechanical linkage. Eliminating the pressure and distortion you'd ordinarily get at the end of a record.

A tone-arm that's a strong arm.

Now we're not calling anyone clumsy. But there is the chance you



might make a mistake and grab hold of the tone-arm while it's in motion.

That's why the PS-4300 has a tone-arm that's more than just statically balanced. It comes with a protective clutch device. (The only clutch you'll find on our fully automatic turntable.)

This latching set-up protects your arm against too much strain.

Moving from arms to feet, our are designed to cut feedback. They're rubber-soled, suspended by cup-shaped rubber shock absorbers.

And they're adjustable, letting you level the turntable. So you might say our feet come with elevator shoes.

Our vibration-reducers are great shakes.

Sometimes the cabinet itself can vibrate—distorting what comes out of it.

Not so with the PS-4300.

Our cabinet is built out of a material with a low Q. Low Q materials hardly vibrate, and nobody watches their P's and Q's like Sony.

Even our platter has been undercoated with a damping material.

And what looks like a bad case of

acne on our record mat is a series of bumps that provide an air cushion and absorb vibration.

An exercise in self-control.

You can see that we've covered just about everything when we created the PS-4300.

Even the cover. Our dust cover is ingeniously simple. When closed, it leaves the controls accessible.



And what controls they are! One-touch, LED-indicated switches for start/stop and repeat.

One light tap starts everything going, while your record, under the dust cover, is in splendid isolation.

So if what you're looking for is an unmatched fully automatic direct drive turntable, drive on over to Sony.

SONY®

Everyday Best



Cross writing instruments—unfailing daily companions for those who respect the finest. In lustrous chrome, gold filled, sterling silver, and solid gold. From six to one hundred fifty dollars.*

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SINCE 1848

*Suggested Prices

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

You might see her strolling the back nine at Pebble Beach with Linda (Mrs. Tom) Watson; or applauding a birdie at Firestone with Polly (Mrs. Ben) Crenshaw; or pausing for a sandwich at Muirfield Village with Jana (Mrs. Mark) Hayes; or dining in the clubhouse at the Masters, the tournament coming up next week, with Barbara (Mrs. Jack)—is there another Barbara on the PGA tour?—Nicklaus. You might also overhear someone ask Reporter Myra Gelband what her husband shot today, as people have. It's easy to see why. Myra has been dropping in on tournaments in SI's behalf for almost three years now, getting to know the competitors and their wives and gathering the kind of quotes and facts that enhance a story such as Dan Jenkins' *Masters Preview* in this issue (page 40).

Says Jenkins, who calls Gelband his "trustworthy sidekick": "Her name is Myra, not Myra Jean, as many Texans might think. She comes from somewhere on eastern Long Island. She studied English literature and biology at the University of Rochester and forestry at the

University of Edinburgh, so naturally she wound up in journalism.

"She got into golf around here because those of us who deal with it asked for somebody smart and energetic as our researcher. We had been spoiled. First we had Patricia Ryan, who has now become golf editor, and then we had Sarah Pileggi, who has become a writer, so we looked around the staff and thought we saw a potential managing editor in Myra Jean.

"It was appropriate that she got into golf because while she was at Edinburgh she once clipped a half acre of grass with nail scissors, was obliged to visit abandoned slag heaps in central Fife and had to spend 24 hours following one sheep through its routine and chronicling it. I asked Myra Jean if sheep were fun, and she said, 'More fun than being in a Pub Letter.' She's a fairly private person.

"Among other things she has done for SI was interview Euell Gibbons. They had lunch at his home in Beavertown, Pa. What they had for lunch was sausage pizza, pickled string beans, cranberry sauce and grape juice. 'I didn't eat the cranberry sauce,' she told me. I asked if that meant she did eat the pickled string beans? She only smiled like the girl next door, which is what she thinks she looks like.

"I would alert those golfers and wives on the tour who have yet to get to know her that she comes from a terrifying family. Her father was a doctor, her mother teaches science, she has a sister who's an assistant district attorney, another sister who's a botanist and a brother who's a computer analyst. I've told her she's too intelligent to hang around golf, but she likes it.

"Primarily for the tour's bachelors. I will conclude by reporting that she's 27 and unmarried, and Ben Crenshaw might have proposed if he hadn't met Polly first."



MYRA CHECKS IT OUT WITH THE MASTER

Sack Meyer



The Timeless Casuals.
Modern classics from JCPenney.

Find your own timeless look in this classic collection of casuals. Choose from single- or double-breasted blazers, bold and muted plaid sport coats. And find a flare-leg summer slack to complement each jacket. Sport coats 50.00. Slacks up to 22.00.

"IT ALMOST TURNED TO DUST."

Each summer that the rains didn't come drove Stanley Segaar nearer to ruin.

Segaar's farm was saved with an irrigation system he couldn't afford by himself. The money came as a loan arranged by his local banker.

"The place almost turned to dust," says Segaar. "But now

things are so good I even took on more help."

The money that helped save Segaar's farm came from the bank deposits of people like you. And that's just one example of how full-service banks serve to get things done.

Your money in a bank checking or savings account is there when you need

it, in a safe, convenient place. But while it's there, your bank puts it to work.

By arranging money for home mortgage loans, building loans, school and hospital construction and hundreds of other uses, America's Bankers are helping you change things for the better.



A bank loan for an irrigation system helped Stanley Segaar save his farm.



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Because there are those who won't settle for anything less than the best.

That's why every President model has 40 channels.

That's why every President gets thoroughly tested to make sure it works perfectly before it leaves the factory.

That's why every President comes with all the power the law will allow. And why every President comes

with sophisticated electronic features like Phase Lock Loop circuitry for superior on-frequency performance.

That's why you'll find that our engineers have done just about everything known to man to give you

a better, stronger, clearer signal.

And that's why—no matter who you are or how much money you have to spend—you might as well start by looking at the best.



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Small: 11 1/2" x 6" x 1 1/2" Case: 12" x 6" x 1 1/2" Case: 12" x 6" x 1 1/2"



OUR PREFERRED TASTE ADDS *Smoothness.*

Gin, Vodka, Rum, Tequila, anything you like.
Our extra-smooth taste improves your drinks.



**CANADA DRY MIXERS.
YOU OWE IT TO YOUR LIQUOR.**

Shopwalk

by BRUCE NEWMAN

AN OLD-STYLE SMITHY GETS ALL FIRED UP MAKING COSTLY DAMASCUS BLADES

Most of us have picked up a rather romantic notion of old-time village smithies, particularly the business about snappy hands and muscles as strong as iron bands. There is a Goya painting called *The Forge* that shows the blacksmith's broad back but not his face, emphasizing, one supposes, matter over mind. But smithing has come a long way since then.

Consider Bill Moran, said by knowledgeable knife collectors to be among the finest bladesmiths in the country, perhaps the world. There isn't a spreading chestnut tree within miles of Moran's shop in Braddock Heights, Md., though there is a rather scrawny-looking willow around back, next to the outdoor plumbing. Because he sells his blades by mail order, most of Moran's customers never get to see him or the shop where he has been forging custom-made knives for years. The shop, which sits in the shadow of Braddock Mountain, has a refreshingly lived-in look about it. There is an almost stratified clutter about the place, but the workbench is smooth and clean. Many of Moran's tools were made by hand—Moran's hand—and are carefully modeled after those used by smiths of the American colonial period. He uses no precision instruments because he has no interest in changing over to ultrasophisticated methods of knifemaking, preferring, he says, to "eyeball" his way through the exacting forging process.

"I try to use a combination of the best of the old techniques and the new technology," he says. "If I thought an electric oven would work better than the fieldstone forge, I'd buy one tomorrow. It just happens that the old way is usually the best way." He has only a few electrical tools around, and no running water. When Moran needs to rinse something off, he dips it in the stream that runs beside his shop.

Moran began making knives more than 30 years ago on his family's dairy farm, partly because he believed he could make a better hunting knife than any of the ones he could buy. He was fascinated by the history of blades and soon he was duplicating the work of the estimable Rezin P. Bowie, brother of Jim Bowie and reputed father of the Bowie knife (There has always been controversy surrounding the history of the Bowie knife and its development.) The 1952 movie *The Iron Mistress* depicted Jim Bowie as a folk hero (though some say his character was less than savory), and Moran was immediately overwhelmed by orders for Bowie knives. Though

he seldom makes the blade anymore, he ruefully admits that during the height of the rage he forged some that "were ridiculous"—blades more than two feet in length and weighing more than nine pounds, conversation pieces but more or less useless for any practical purpose.

Moran's research led him to volumes that contained designs for creating steel that dated back to the Merovingian Franks and the Vikings. As a result, Moran has become such a student of his craft that he devotes two months each year to tomes about knife-making.

One of the first things Moran learned was that Damascus steel—forged through a long and arduous process of welding layers of iron and steel—yielded the finest blades ever known. The process, he discovered, had practically died out—most likely, Moran feels, because of the skill and time required to complete the Damascus blade. After years of forging hunting and combat knives (both of which he will still make, if grudgingly), he began to make what he now calls "art blades."

In 1970 Moran spent nine months re-creating the Damascus blade, folding and refolding layers of iron and steel, hammering the metal at welding heat in order to create the delicate arabesques that would later appear on the blade's surface. "Those designs don't get there by accident," he says. "Each stroke of the hammer is as significant as the stroke of a painter's brush on canvas."

Today it takes 150 pounds of high-grade coal and about two months of work to produce a single Damascus dagger. Moran usually makes a total of 10 welds, which create 564 layers of metal. The temperature of the metal is critical, and he has only the color of the steel in its ambience of flame to guide him. If the blade is removed from the fire too soon it produces a bad weld, and if left in too long, the carbon can be burned out of the steel.

"I've lost a blade just by dropping my hammer and losing the three or four seconds it took to pick it up," Moran says. "The heat is unbelievable, but you've got to keep your face in the fire or you'll certainly lose the blade."

After the blade is forged, he tempers it, making it hard but not brittle and giving it a long-lasting cutting edge. Finally, the metal is bathed in muriatic acid to bring out its natural grain. When the blade is completed, Moran curves the handle (usually from blocks of curly maple or ivory), does his own inlay work and makes the leather sheath.

Collectors pay up to \$5,000 for the Damascus daggers. If the price seems a bit steep, it is worth noting that Moran has a 10-year backlog of orders. "I don't know why anybody would order something they can't have for that long," he says. "I wouldn't." If you would, you can write for Moran's catalog and current price list, care of P.O. Box 68, Braddock Heights, Md 21714.

END

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MURRAY

makes yards of difference.



Jack Nicklaus depends upon the right equipment to get the job done well. The right equipment makes the difference in many things . . .

yards of difference.

Murray mowers specialize in yards of difference. The full

line of walking mowers, riding

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tillers reflects significant

features—sturdy construction,

maneuverability, easy

maintenance and reliability.

Good equipment makes yards

of difference.



Look for the Jack Nicklaus tag on the full line of Murray mowers at your dealer's, or write
THE MURRAY OHIO MFG. CO., BRENTWOOD, TENN. 37027

THE SCOTCH WITH GREATNESS WRITTEN ALL OVER IT.

The hand-lettered label on a bottle of Cutty Sark Scots Whisky makes a statement no other Scotch can make.

Start at the top. Cutty Sark is still blended and bottled only in Scotland. Somehow, the modern Scotch, bulk-shipped and bottled in America, isn't quite the same.

The centre of the label tells you that Cutty Sark consists of 100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best distilleries. This produces that distinctive smoothness which is to be found in this blend alone.

Reading down, you learn that Cutty Sark was first blended at the direction of Berry Bros. & Rudd Ltd., wine merchants. People who, after 280 years of dealing with Royalty, have learned a little something about taste.

If you have good taste, you must buy the Scotch that tells others you have it.

It's the one in the dark green bottle with the bright yellow label that separates it from all the rest. The one that tells the greatest Scotch story ever told.

Distilled and Bottled in Scotland
under British Government Supervision

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100% Scotch Whiskies
from Scotland's best Distilleries

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BLAZER

1

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Now there's a ball good enough to take on Top-Flite! Blazer, the new 2-piece golf ball from Dunlop.

In impartial, independent tests conducted in the Southwest, 50 pros hit Blazers and Top-Flites,

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Because Blazer has great spin and lift that come from an aerodynamically designed dimple pattern.

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Play a Blazer. We challenge you to see for yourself who's tops.

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BLAZER

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

THE SAME OLD STORY

Boxing, that poor battered sport, can't keep its nose clean. When Don King began his vigorous promotions, notably his U.S. Boxing Championships, the feeling in some circles was that the sport was in a refreshing revival. But several critics, such as John Schulan of the *Chicago Daily News* and Gary Deeb of the *Chicago Tribune*, disagreed. They said it was as seedy as ever. They ripped King and *The Ring* magazine, which supplied the rankings from which tournament pairings were made, alleging that the rankings were arbitrary, that at least one fighter's record was falsified and that fighters not under control of the King organization had difficulty getting fights and winning decisions.

Deeb also jabbed ABC-TV, which has been televising the U.S. Boxing Championships, for unquestioningly supporting King's promotion with television money and implied that the \$1.5 million ABC had put up in prize money was being inequitably distributed. Roone Arledge of ABC vigorously defended his network's position and listed the steps it had taken to assure that the fights it telecast were on the up-and-up.

But Dave Brady of *The Washington Post* wrote that the FBI had made inquiries about the boxing show King staged at the U.S. Naval Academy in February, at which heavyweight Scott LeDoux went almost berserk on camera after losing a decision (you may recall his contretemps with Howard Cosell). LeDoux said that King's employees controlled fighters in the tournament and that officials were biased in their favor.

Then last week from Houston came word that featherweight Kenny Weldon said he had given a substantial part of the \$7,500 he had earned fighting on the card King staged in an Ohio prison a few weeks ago to intermediary George Kanter (page 46), who had arranged that bout for Weldon. When ABC heard about this, it called for an immediate investigation. Kanter, whom Weldon de-

scribed as a decent man, said the whole thing was a misunderstanding. "I'm not going to dirty my hands," Kanter told Vic Ziegel of the *New York Post*, before flying off to Europe. "I'm returning every penny to the fighter."

Nonetheless, criticism of King's operation mounted, although it continued to be looked upon with tolerance by many. Earlier, the *Chicago Daily News* had quipped Paddy Flood, one of those close to King, as saying, "Let me tell you about boxing. It's the most treacherous, dirtiest, vicious, cheating game in the world. . . . That's the nature of the business. It's a terrible business."

Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.

HIGH PRICE OF LIABILITY

Six of the 13 companies that manufactured football helmets have stopped making them, and the seven still in business are facing lawsuits of more than \$100 million for "product liability." The suits allege that injuries suffered by certain football players, most of them at the high school level, occurred because of inadequacies in the helmets. Similar suits have been filed over injuries in other sports, such as hockey.

The Sporting Goods Manufacturers Association says that placing blanket blame for such injuries on "shoddy products" is not justified. It also points out that sales of football helmets to organized teams, from Pee Wee Leagues to professionals, amount to perhaps \$15 million per year, and notes, with an eye on the \$100 million in pending suits, that total profits to all manufacturers from those sales is less than \$1 million.

Because of the surge in product-liability suits involving helmets (a New England sporting-goods dealer who lost a \$120,000 suit involving a hockey helmet says he was told by one attorney that "every lawyer in town was following the case because product liability was the big thing, where all the money is"), liability-insurance premiums for the sporting-

goods industry are increasing astronomically.

The sporting-goods people warn that the situation is serious. If the threat of legal damages makes it prohibitively expensive to make and sell helmets, they will stop making them. Perhaps one or two manufacturers will continue to produce premium helmets for pro football and the top colleges, but at a very high cost. It will be a price that boys' leagues, high schools and most colleges will not be able to afford. With no helmets, can there be football?

ASTRODOMA

Last summer in the Astro Dome the Houston Astros took part in the making of a TV movie tentatively called *The Best Four of Seven* (SCORECARD, June 7). Now the film, its title rather extravagantly upgraded to *Murder at the World Series*, has been shown on TV, and the Astros, who were paid \$600 each for their work, got to see themselves in action. Sad to relate, they were not overwhelmed.



The film revolves around a young man snubbed in spring training by the Astros who seeks revenge by attempting to kidnap the wife of a rookie who is called up from the minors at the last minute to pitch in the World Series. Under baseball rules a player must be on the club roster before Sept. 1 to be eligible for the Series, but the filmmakers didn't worry about that. Or that Bruce Boleslter, the

continued

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If you shop for tires with your foot, you'll find that Pirelli's new P76 gives you a good "thunk" for your money.

If you look for even more in a tire, like a smooth ride or great mileage, you'll get an even bigger kick out of our newest steel-belted radial. Whether you drive a Cadillac Eldorado or something as small as a Chevy Nova.

Pirelli's P76 was specifically designed for American cars. And American driving conditions.

That's why we gave it two nylon belts over the steel belts. And why the tread is made of a unique substance

called Sof-Tuf,™ a rubber compound that combines softness for grip and stability, and toughness for long tread wear.

With all this, Pirelli's P76 costs no more than the top of the line radial made by the biggest selling domestic tire maker. In most sizes, it costs even less.

So if you're shopping around for a radial, don't overlook Pirelli's high performance, steel-belted P76.

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How does it all work? Think of it as an air conditioner that can work in two directions. In summer, it does an effective job of keeping your home cool and dry by pumping heat out of your house.

In winter, the Fedders Heat Pump Air Conditioning works in reverse and becomes an efficient heating system.

That's right. It extracts the natural heat that's always present in the outdoor air, compresses it, and pumps it into your home. (82 percent of the heat in the air that was available at 100° F is still available at 0° F.)

One system that cools you when you're hot. Warms you when you're cold. And the heat helps pay for the cool. How can you possibly beat that?

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SIF 2

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BECAUSE PEOPLE GET HOT AND COLD.

actor playing the rookie, needed special coaching because he wasn't able to throw the ball over home plate from the pitcher's rubber 60 feet away ("I worked with him three days on it," says Coach Mel Wright. "He kept throwing off the wrong foot").

If the Astros were movie critics, their comments could appear as follows:

"Mediocre at best"—Bob Watson, *First Base*

"I guess it was fairly well done, but it could have been better"—Leon Roberts, *Outfield*

"I thought it was"—Mike Coogrove, *Pitcher*

Bob Lillis, another Astro coach whose nickname in his playing days was "Flea," directed the players on field during the filming of game sequences ("We called him Cecil B. DeFlea," says Wright). Asked his opinion of *Murder at the World Series*, Lillis said, "I hope no one saw it. That would be the end of my directing career."

HOW THEY TELL US

The following notice appears in tabloid editions of the *Daily Racing Form*: "To break the perforation in this paper without tearing the paper: Open the paper in the center. Divide the page number on the left-hand side by two. For example, if the number is 24, open the entire paper at page 12 and either tear or cut across and it will open all pages." Helpful instructions, as any bettor who has ever tried to pry open an issue of the elaborately folded paper would agree. Even more helpful in a recent issue of the *Form* would have been the placement of the instructions somewhere other than on page 26 of a 28-page edition.

K-A-L-A-M-A-Z-O-U-M

On the night CBS-TV showed *The Deadliest Season*, its fictionalized account of violence in professional hockey, 3,223 fans in Fort Wayne, Ind., missed the telecast because they went to Memorial Coliseum to see their local International Hockey League team play the Kalamazoo Wings. The TV show was pretty graphic, but the Fort Wayne fans didn't miss very much in the way of violent action. Indeed, they helped make their own.

During the game, which their Komets lost 3-2 to the Wings, they booed and jeered Kalamazoo Defenseman Len Ircandita, a target for Fort Wayne discontent all season. After the final buzzer the

Kalamazoo players retaliated by making telling gestures to the crowd. The crowd responded by throwing programs and other items at the Wings as they made their way toward the dressing room. Wing Manager-Coach Bob Lemieux climbed over the rail and went after one fan, and members of his team swung their sticks in the direction of the crowd. One young woman's head was cut, presumably by a stick.

When the players withdrew to the dressing room, some of the angry fans turned on spectators who had come from Kalamazoo to Fort Wayne to root for the Wings. Police with guard dogs were called in. The Kalamazoo team bus, pelted with rocks, bottles and chunks of asphalt, was brought into the basement of the Coliseum so that the players would be safe as they boarded it. A heavy metal garbage can was rolled off a balcony onto the roof of the bus. Finally, escorted by police and trailed by a motorcade of fans, it made its way to Interstate 69 and out of Fort Wayne.

Let's see, what's on the late show?

ONCE IT'S IN YOUR BLOOD

If Danny Kaye, now a part owner of the brand-new Seattle Mariners (page 76), ever feels like rounding up a team of show-biz types for an exhibition baseball game, he shouldn't have too much trouble. There seem to be almost as many actors and entertainers who played baseball as there are ballplayers who want to become actors.

Kaye, as organizer, manager and the kid who owns the baseball, could pitch. At first base would be Chuck Connors (*The Rifleman*), whose Hollywood career began in the 1950s after the Chicago Cubs sent him down to their Los Angeles farm team, where he caught the eye of an MGM casting director. Second base belongs to Kurt Russell (*The Wonderful World of Disney*), whose chances to make the major leagues ended in 1973 when he suffered a severe injury to his arm while he was playing for the California Angels' Double-A farm in El Paso. Kevin Dobson (*Detective Crocker in Koyak*) is the shortstop, his position in 1964 when he was scouted by the San Francisco Giants. Dobson, who also likes to pitch, says he's going to ask Bill Vecek to let him do some relieving for the Chicago White Sox later this season. John Berardino (Dr. Hardy of *General Hospital*) spent 11 seasons as an Amer-

ican League infielder. He can play third.

Center field would go to Joe Campanella (*The Bold Ones*), whose spectacular catch in a celebrity game in Dodger Stadium a few years ago caused Leo Durocher to remark, "Boy, I wish I had you when you were younger and I was managing the Giants." "You did," said Campanella. "The Giants offered me a contract to play Class-D ball in Georgia."

Charley Prude, the country and Western singer, once had a tryout with the Mets and this spring spent 10 days working out with the Texas Rangers. He can be another outfielder, although he would like you to know that he once pitched against a Willie Mays All-Star team and struck out 12 men, including Henry Aaron. David Hartman of *Good Morning, America*, who had offers from the Braves and the Phillies and for several years worked out each spring in Arizona with the Giants, can play the third outfield position. And Joe Garagiola, coming down from the broadcasting booth, wouldn't mind filling in as catcher for a few innings.

As for an opponent, why not the Tulsa Drillers of the Texas League? Country singer Roy Clark, who says he had to turn down a chance to go to a St. Louis Brown trout camp when he was a kid because he didn't have enough money to pay for the trip, bought a part interest in the Drillers early in March.

THEY SAID IT

● Don Sutton, veteran Dodgers pitcher: "It's amazing how fast you grow old in this game. At first you're the rookie right-hander; next season you're that promising right-hander; then suddenly you're the 'Old Man.'"

● Pete Maravich, New Orleans guard, asked if he would like to play on the same team as Los Angeles Kareem Abdul-Jabbar: "I'd be his caddy. I'd take his clothes to the laundry. I'd pick him up and drive him around. Anyone would like to play with the greatest center in the game."

● Glenn Mosley, Seton Hall's star rebounder, on his high school days: "The basketball coach came into the phys ed class one day, and we played a game. He guarded me. I made 10 straight baskets. He asked me why I didn't come out for the team. I told him I had but he cut me."

● Rod Laver, tennis star, asked if he had ever played in West Orange, N.J., before: "I must have. I remember the bar across the street."

END

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Sports Illustrated

April 1977





AL, YOU WENT OUT IN STYLE

Coaching his final game after 13 years at Marquette, Al McGuire was given a royal sendoff—a victory over North Carolina and with it the NCAA championship

by Barry McDermott

Al McGuire's stunning triumph and tearful goodbye at the NCAA basketball finals in Atlanta showed that he is more than a street-corner aphorist, a barroom philosopher, a guy who makes his own and singular way. The soul of the man is this: he is a winner—last Monday night, today, forever. Seashells and balloons. Al.

To the end McGuire entertained and enthralled us, indulging in the bizarre behavior that has characterized him and his teams for 20 years. But when it came time to finish his career, there he was on the sidelines, his back straight, calling out the plays on a rainy night in Georgia when Marquette outplayed and outthrust North Carolina 67-59.

After announcing his retirement midway through his 13th year at Marquette, McGuire took to ridiculing the involvement of grown men in a game, perhaps obscuring his true feelings. But eight seconds from the finish, when the meaning of his first and last NCAA championship swept over him, he began to sob on the bench, left the court alone and paced in the empty locker room, a towel to his eyes. "I want to be alone," he said. "I'm not afraid to try."

As always he dominated the scene. "When you think of Marquette, you think of Al," Guard Butch Lee said Monday afternoon while McGuire raced around on his motorcycle. That night, he and his players arrived at the Omni only 45 min-

utes before the tipoff, barely enough time to dress. Early in the game he kicked the scorer's table so hard he limped all night. Minutes into the second half, as North Carolina, led by Mike O'Koren, who scored the first four baskets, roared back from a 39-27 deficit and McGuire ranted on the sideline, his wife Pat stood in the stands, pleading for him to sit down.

But Al McGuire was not going to blow this one. North Carolina edged on top 45-43 with 13:48 left and a short time later went to its vaunted four corners offense, a tactic McGuire had anticipated and which came to naught. The Warriors sagged underneath to take away the back-door play and, directed by Lee, who

continued

As Al would say, it was seashells and balloons



The outstanding play of Jim Boylan (far left) and Bo Ellis made the going sticky for the Tar Heels



:03 Lee's full-court pass, caroms off Maxwell, winding up in the hands of Whitehead (54)

:01 Now Whitehead puts the ball in over Maxwell (33) to give Marquette victory

scored 19 points and was named the game's outstanding player, were patient on offense. Over the next 12 minutes, thanks in part to its own slowdown tactics, the Tar Heels scored only four points.

Once it had regained the lead with a little more than six minutes to go, Marquette taunted North Carolina with its delay game, and hit on 16 of 17 free throws while the Tar Heels fumbled away the ball and missed the open shots.

There was one last uneasy moment for Marquette. With the Warriors leading 53-49 with less than two minutes left, Bernard Toone was accidentally poked in the eye by O'Koren. When Toone reacted angrily and elbowed O'Koren, the officials gave Toone one free throw for O'Koren's foul, which he missed. But the officials further ruled that Toone had committed a technical foul—two free throws—which Walter Davis took and made. Now it was 53-51 Marquette and a jump ball. But Marquette won the tip, North Carolina started fouling and McGuire's ultimate victory was secure.

It was perhaps inevitable that the final



game did not match either semifinal in intensity or excitement. The total margin of victory in Saturday's games, three points, was the closest in NCAA history. McGuire had expressed his concerns about North Carolina-Charlotte when he said to its coach, Lee Rose, "There are 100 schools in the country with names like yours and I can beat them all. But I'm not sure I can beat yours."

Yet in the opening minutes Marquette seemed ready not only to beat Charlotte but also to humiliate it. The jittery 49ers had more turnovers (seven) than field goals (three) and trailed 23-9 with less than seven minutes remaining in the half.

But Marquette, which had played fully much of this season—one reason it had the worst record (23-7) of the final four—was not able to put the 49ers away. With Rose whistling encouragement from the bench and Cornbread Maxwell blocking shots and starting to score, Charlotte rallied to trail only 25-22 at intermission.

UNCC's zone press bothered Marquette at the start of the second half, and when Lew Massey hit a jumper with 2½ minutes gone, Charlotte had the lead for the first time. After that was a seesaw game. With about four minutes remaining, Massey put Charlotte up by one. When Marquette missed a shot, the 49ers rebounded and whittled away the seconds until Melvin Watkins was fouled with 1:41 left. He made both free throws and UNCC led 47-44, looking as if it were ready for Monday night.

But Lee cut the margin to one with a 22-foot jump shot from the top of the circle. Maxwell was fouled with 49 seconds left and missed. Marquette rebounded and got the ball to Lee, who again hit on a clutch jumper, this one putting Marquette back in the lead. Then Massey missed an 18-foot jumper and the Warriors' Gary Rosenberger was fouled as he went in for a breakaway layup with 13 seconds remaining. This was a chance to hush sweet Charlotte for good.

UNCC called time, partly to shake up Rosenberger. To keep him loose, McGuire started punching him on the shoulder, whereupon Jerome Whitehead, the game's leading scorer with 21 points, turned on McGuire. "He thought I was pulling my psycho act again," Al said.

Rosenberger missed his first shot, however, so that when he made the second, Marquette's lead was only two points and Charlotte was alive. Barely. With 10 sec-

onds left, the 49ers worked the ball to Maxwell, who drove the middle and sent up an off-balance shot that somehow went in 49-49. Three seconds left. Time out. Marquette.

Onto the court marched McGuire. "I wasn't out there to do my Jimmy Durante act," he said later. "I wanted to check the height of the clock." McGuire was concerned that Lee's inbound pass from the baseline might hit the Omni's huge clock-and-scoreboard above midcourt. If that happened, the ball would go to Charlotte under the Marquette basket, with three seconds still remaining. McGuire was also worried that Lee might hurl the ball too far, that it would sail out of bounds. If so, see above.

Lee whipped the ball far downcourt, much as the Russians did in the historic game against the U.S. in the Munich Olympics. It glanced off Bo Ellis' fingers at the foul line, went through Maxwell's hands and was caught by Whitehead, who threw up a lunging layup. Maxwell went up with him and partly blocked the shot, but the ball ricocheted off the backboard and through as half the arena raced to join Referee Paul Galvan at the scorer's table. Had Whitehead's shot beaten the clock? "McGuire was going crazy," said Charlotte reserve Ken Angel. "I thought it was going to be a prizefight."

Suddenly McGuire, ever the actor, emerged from the crowd with a resigned look on his face, his shoulders hunched and his arms spread woefully. Lee put an arm around McGuire and hugged him as the Marquette fans burst into cheers. Score the goal. "It was a bad way to end the season," said Cornbread, who was outstanding in defeat.

For a while it appeared that North Carolina never would make it to the final. In its semifinal against Nevada-Las Vegas, Guard Phil Ford seemed tired and had seven turnovers in the first half, and only O'Koren's back-door buckets kept the Tar Heels close. Carolina made 15 baskets underneath but trailed 49-43. "I didn't think their long jump shots could keep going in," Dean Smith said later.

Early in the final half, Vegas streaked



Surrounded by Rebels, playmaker Ford looks for a friend

ahead by 10, but Center Larry Moffett was hit in the nose and had to leave the game. Vegas seemed rattled. The Tar Heels, led by O'Koren and Rich Yonakor, scored 14 of the next 16 points to take the lead. With 15:40 remaining and Carolina up a basket, Smith signaled for the four corners. Ford responded with a drive down the middle, and Las Vegas was playing catchup the rest of the way, forcing turnovers, but then inexplicably forcing shots. "We were very unorganized," said Forward Eddie Owens. "Whoever got it, shot it. We knew if they got a half-point lead they would go into the four corners."

Carolina showed signs of cracking near the end when Tony Smith's jumpers brought Las Vegas to within two minutes left. Then John Kuester sank five straight free throws, and Davis intercepted a pass underneath. The Tar Heels won 84-83, Vegas cutting the margin from three with a basket at the buzzer. "It was like a schoolyard game," said O'Koren, who finished with 31 points. "Except they weren't crackin' heads on D. They'd lunge one way, I'd be gone back the other."

But on Monday night Marquette kept the back door—as well as the front door—closed.

END

EXTRA! CHRISSIE LOSES FIRST SET!

Despite an uncharacteristic start in the title match, the golden girl of tennis reemphasized her overwhelming supremacy by overcoming Sue Barker of Devonshire and taking home the Virginia Slims Silver Ginny for the fourth time **by Joe Jares**

Never bet on the stooge team that tours with the Harlem Globetrotters. Do not place so much as a sou on the chances of sunshine in Seattle. God help you if you think that Wile E. Coyote will ever catch the Road Runner, that a ballplayer will volunteer for a pay cut after a bad season, or that a politician's promise is worth more than a half ounce of bat liver. And, please, if you have any sense at all, never wager against a 22-year-old tennis-playing millionairess named Christine Marie Evert.

Last Sunday afternoon in New York's Madison Square Garden, Evert, after a shaky start, played a normal sort of match for her—which is to say she was unerr-

ing and unflappable—and beat Sue Barker of England 2-6, 6-1, 6-1. She thereby won the championship of the Virginia Slims tour, the Silver Ginny trophy for earning the most tour points, a diamond-and-gold necklace and \$50,000. Her 1977 tournament earnings, with nine and a half months to go, \$174,500.

It was inevitable. Going into the four-day event, Evert had a 44-6 lifetime record against the three players in her half of the draw and an 11-0 edge over Barker. On the tour she might as well have been playing against Neiman-Marcus mannequins, winning 32 of 34 matches, 64 of 71 sets and 69% of her games. Here was a young woman who already had

won Wimbledon twice, Forest Hills twice and the Slims championship thrice, yet there were tennis experts in the Garden claiming that Evert was one of the most improved players on the tour. Impossible. But true.

"She wins a lot of points now off her serve," said Rosie Casals, one of Evert's Garden victims, "whereas before, she just got it in. It was something to start out the game with."

"She has a more subtle change of pace on her shots," said ex-player Julie Heldman. "And she has a fine overhead now. She hammers it."

"She's hitting the ball so much harder," said the tour's executive director, Peachy Kellmeyer. "I think she's going to keep on improving."

There was more. Technical stuff, like how Evert cleverly disguises her drop shot, the tennis equivalent of a bunt laid down by a slugger. How she slices her backhand once in a while. How adept she is with a touch angle backhand, whatever that is. How she eluded the *paparazzi* and had a reasonably private dinner date in Manhattan with fellow Floridian Burt Reynolds, actor and hall-of-fame centerfielder.

All this means that Evert is rolling in money and is up to her long eyelashes in trophies, but that Virginia Slims and women's tennis in general are stagnating a little. The four championship sessions in the Garden drew 39,234, significantly better than either of the last two years, when the event was held in Los Angeles, but average tournament attendance rose less than 1,000 over 1976. CBS televised four Slims finals in 1976 and beat the men's Avis Challenge Cup rating on NBC, but no Slims events were televised nationally this year. CBS apparently thought it could make more money with golf.

After seven years, the cigarette sponsor is still satisfied with the tour as a promotion/advertising vehicle, and promoters at most of the stops made money. Still, it is obvious that in order to fill more seats and lure back TV, women's tennis needs to find some strong com-

Experts were saying that Evert glided the lily by being one of the most improved players in the Garden.



petition for Evert, or it will continue to have finals that have all the suspense of shark vs. sardine.

There are some prospects. Tracy Austin, the California wonder child, is not yet 15 but has played in several Slims tournaments and has won a few matches. Bille Jean King, the California wonder woman, returned to singles play last week at age 33. She wanted to be admitted to the Slims championship as a "wild card" selection but she was rejected because she had not played in any singles matches on the circuit. So she entered a San Antonio tournament and came close to meeting transsexual Renee Richards in the semis. CBS planned to televise their match, but Richards was beaten in the quarters. After three knee operations, it will be difficult for King to reach the top level again.

Three more likely candidates are in their early 20s. Evonne Coolidge, 25, is due back after having her first child in May; she was No. 2 in the world behind Evert when she became pregnant. Then there is Czech defector Martina Navratilova, 20, the head of a corporation this uses her tour nickname: Brat, Inc. Navratilova used to be shaped like a Pilsener key from her homeland, but she has shed 20 to 25 pounds (down to 145) and now has a discernible waist and evident additional quickness.

The third prospect is Barker, 20, the petite daughter of a retired brewery representative. Despite her size (5' 5", 117 pounds), her forehand is more powerful even than Navratilova's. She grew up in Paignton, a smart Devonshire coastal resort. In nearby Torquay, Arthur Roberts, a well-known English coach, taught her tennis and discipline and often sent her home in tears. She always came back.

Navratilova and, of course, Barker were among the eight women who made it to the championship tournament at the Garden. They were the principals in the Orange group, while Evert, Casals and Britain's Virginia Wade were in the Gold. Each player met the other three in her group beginning Thursday night, then the top finisher in each group met in the final Sunday. Evert, as usual, had little trouble marching to the final, beating Yugoslavian economics student Mima Jausovec 6-0, 6-3, and Casals 6-1, 6-1 ("I don't think I can play much better than that," Chris said afterward).

Evert had a bit more to cope with in Wade, 31, who is not at all pleased that



Little Miss Barker blasted some marvelous forehand winners in the first set but then succumbed

Barker has beaten her the last three times they have met and seems destined to replace her atop Britain's ladder. Evert beat Wade in straight sets, but the second set would have gone the other way had not an Evert forehand shot hit the net and crawled over as if it had little hands and feet. Evert proceeded to win 10 straight points and the match 6-2, 7-5.

In the Orange, Barker and Navratilova progressed undefeated to a Saturday meeting, despite the fact that both had sore shoulders. Navratilova developed hers the previous week in the final at Philadelphia, when Evert had made her hit "2,000 backhands," and it was obviously the more serious ailment. Barker beat Martina 7-5, 6-4 and advanced to probably the most important match of her life, with \$20,000 (the difference between first and second prize) at stake, not to mention what the Slims PR people like to call "the first jewel in the Triple Crown of women's tennis," Wimbledon and Forest Hills being the other two.

Some people felt Evert would win so easily that the most exciting part of the final would be opera star Roberta Peters singing the national anthem. But Evert was tight (she double-faulted four times

in the first set) and Barker was blasting marvelous forehand winners. Barker won the set 6-2, only the eighth Evert has lost this year.

The key game of the match was the first of the second set. Evert had to fight hard to win it after starting off with yet another double fault. From then on Barker, who could not maintain the high quality of her play in the first set, won only two more games. Her forehand shots, which are so powerful they seem to come off a man's racket rather than that of a frail-looking Devonshire lass, went into the net about as often as into her opponent's court. After Evert had broken service to go ahead 4-1 in the third set, Barker showed a teeny bit of temper, slamming a ball straight down with her racket.

Thus Chris Evert won her eighth major championship, once again showing little emotion. She keeps her emotions inside, along with concentration and determination that may already have made her the best woman player ever.

"I feel more than most players," Evert says. "I have a drive. I have a burning desire to win every time I step on the tennis court."

END

BOTTOM WAS ON TOP IN VERY FAST COMPANY

USC's Joe Bottom broke two venerable swimming records at the NCAA championships as his share of a spree in which marks were set in every event

by Jerry Kirshenbaum

Three of the world's most celebrated swimmers climbed out of Cleveland State University's pool last Saturday bemoaning their shared fate in strikingly similar terms. "None of us even saw the guy," grieved Indiana's Jim Montgomery. Alabama's Jonty Skinner wailed, "You watch the fellows you're supposed to watch and what happens? Some other joker wins it." Lamented Southern Cal's Joe Bottom, "I don't believe it. We're fighting each other's waves and he's out there by himself."

The occasion for this dripping-wet grouching was the final session of the three-day NCAA championships, a spectacular meet in which every event had been won in the fastest NCAA time ever. What had piqued the three was a shocking upset in the 100-yard freestyle. It was a race that figured to be won by any of them—and by nobody else. Certainly Montgomery was one of the favorites, having won the 100-yard freestyle at last year's NAAs as well as the 100-meter

free in the Olympics. The same went for Skinner, a citizen of Olympic-outlaw South Africa, who was barred from the Games but who shattered Montgomery's make-in-Montreal world record three weeks later. As for Bottom, he burst into the picture earlier in the week by topping two of the oldest marks in swimming, then qualifying for the 100-free final in 43.49, almost half a second under the American record.

On the other hand, if there was one fellow in the six-man field who seemed certain not to win, it was Dave Fairbank, a 6' 4" Stanford senior with a reputation for being a "drop-dead sprinter." That is, he had a lightning-quick start that served him well in 50-yard races but he tended to fizzle at longer distances. Indeed, Fairbank had barely made it into the 100-free final.

But as he proceeded to demonstrate, a lowly seeding in a swimming race is not always a bad thing. By qualifying 1-2-3, Bottom, Skinner and Montgomery were rewarded with the middle lanes, the better to keep an eye on one another. As the lowliest qualifier Fairbank was relegated to an outside lane, presumably away from the action. Instead he proved to be what swimfolk call an "outside smoker," reeling off the first 50 in 20.88 to build a lead over the unsuspecting hot-

After breaking the 20 second barrier in the 50-yard free, Bottom battered Mark Spitz' butterfly mark



Heber's double made him the all-time champ.

shots playing cat and mouse in the turbulent middle lanes and holding on in open water to touch in 43.68, a shade over Bottom's hours-old record but good enough for the stunning upset.

Hitting the wall at 43.94, Skinner knew he had whipped Montgomery and Bottom and assumed he had won. "I was shocked when I looked at the clock and saw I was second," he said.

While Fairbank was providing the biggest surprise, Bottom and a host of others were responsible for the fact that the meet produced, in all, 12 American and four "U.S. open" records (those set by foreigners competing in this country), and there were a number of other swims that appeared to be new marks only to be disallowed because of technicalities. Nonetheless, all 16 events were swum faster than ever before.

The biggest part in this binge was

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY MILLAN



played by Southern Cal, which won eight of the events en route to its fourth straight team title. The Trojans were led by senior John Naber, who sat one afternoon in a motel sewing buttons on a coat and getting misty about the imminent end of his collegiate career. Swimmers may enter three individual events at the NCAAAs, and as a freshman and sophomore Naber won the 100- and 200-yard backstrokes and the 500-yard freestyle. As a junior he won both backstrokes but Long Beach State's Tim Shaw whipped him in the 500. "Did you see the last episode of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*?" Naber asked. "Well, Mary was saying that her friends were her family. That's the same way I feel about the Trojans."

By way of demonstrating his utter devotion to USC, Naber shaved off his mustache for the NCAAAs, something he did not do at Montreal. Then he went to work. Shaw again outdueled Naber in the 500, winning it in 4:17.39, more than a second under his American record, but Naber once again won both backstrokes, lowering his American records to 49.36 in the 100 and to 1:46.09 in the 200. That gave him a total of 10 NCAA individual titles, breaking the career record of nine amassed by Washington's Jack Medina in the 1930s and USC's Roy Saari in the '60s.

Having established himself as the most successful collegiate swimmer ever, Naber said that he would be retiring from the sport soon. He is considering an offer of a marketing job with Walt Disney Productions, to which he had been steered by his father. "Dad woke up in the middle of the night with the idea," Naber said. "He decided that Disney had everything I wanted—working with kids, the chance to travel, the all-American image. I said, 'That makes sense to me, Dad.'"

Though USC Coach Peter Daland has talented underclassmen, Naber will be sorely missed—as will the rest of the Trojan Class of '77, including Bottom, a Montreal silver medalist and winner of five NCAA titles.

Bottom has no plans to retire, especially since his shoulders are no longer bothered by tendinitis. The condition was cleared up, he says, after a prayer session with two friends who, like himself, are devout Christians. "I really couldn't understand why God meant me to have tendinitis when it inhibits my swimming, something I do to glorify Him," Bottom

said. "My friends and I prayed and they 'said hands' on me. I got in the pool a couple of days later and I couldn't believe it. It was like I had a brand new pair of shoulders."

Last week Bottom won the 50-yard free for the third straight year, his scaring 19.70 in a morning heat being the first sub-20-second clocking in history. The next barrier he breached was Mark Spitz' 47.98 mark in the 100-yard butterfly, set in 1972, the oldest swim record of any significance on the books. Bottom lowered it to 47.95 in a heat, and to 47.77 in the final. Then he ran into Fairbank's ambush.

Fairbank is certainly not out of the same mold as his USC rivals. A confessed partygoer, he is never known for exerting himself at workouts, which he strolls into at 11 a.m. Some Stanford swimmers are in the pool at dawn. But he did recently increase his daily yardage from 5,000 to more than 7,000. This may explain why, competing in the morning heats of the 100-free at Cleveland, Fairbank barely made it into the finals. "I don't function that well in the morning," he said. But he speculated that the added yardage paid off in the evening. "It's probably the reason I didn't die like I used to."

In the mercurial world of swimming, where records rarely last long enough for the ink in which they have been written to dry, Fairbank certainly picked the right time not to drop dead. No matter what happens in the future, he will always be in the books as a winner in a meet where a record was broken in every event. **END**



Fairbank was Mr. Outside in his upset victory

CREATING A FLEMISH MASTERPIECE



You know, all you do on these trips is talk about past trips," said Dave Bedford of England, nursing a glass of dark German beer the evening before last week's cross-country world championship. "Remember 1970 in Vichy? England won, naturally. We won every year from 1964 to 1972. But the celebration was the thing."

Since the statute of limitations has expired, Bedford, the 10,000-meter world-record holder, felt free to reveal that Vichy's revelries included sending a borrowed Peugeot over a bridge into the river Allier. "Lovely evening that was," he sighed. Bedford finished 95th that year. The next, in San Sebastián, Spain, he won.

"This race has almost always been held in small towns like that," he continued. "Places like Waregem, Belgium and, last year, Chepstow, Wales. It is always a week of seeing old enemies, a hard run and the year's best bash after."

Now, however, the world championship had come to Düsseldorf, the mink-

and-Mercedes-rich capital of the Ruhr. The city's main promenade, the Königsallee, was so elegantly jammed with expensive art, porcelain and antiques that the American men's team wandered down it intimidated, without entering a single store. "Where's the farmer's market?" asked Stanford's Tony Sandoval. "Where are the little crooked streets and cheap shops?" He looked in vain, even for members of other teams, who were scattered among the city's hotels. "It's become more of a pure athletic event," said Bedford. "It used to have a bit of gypsy character to it."

It may not be gypsy, but the world championship definitely remains continental. While U.S. runners go from cross-country to indoor meets or road races in December, Europeans plow ahead through the mud and chill of the winter, running ever longer and longer cross-country races. The season climaxes in late March at the world championship, over 12,300 meters (about 7½ miles). In past years, U.S. men have fared dismally. The

best performances came in 1975 in Rabat, Morocco when Bill Rodgers was third, and led the U.S. squad to a fourth-place finish.

In the junior race (for runners under 20), however, Americans have not lost either the team or individual titles since entering for the first time three years ago, indicating that our talent and high school training are superior to the rest of the world's. And U.S. women traditionally have been strong. Doris Brown Heritage won five world championships in as many years (1967-71) and Julie Brown won the title in 1975.

Both Brown and Heritage were on this year's squad, and Heritage, for one, grumbled at the disproportionate number of free tours and lavish dinners the hosts had laid on for the officials. Indeed, after attending a reception given by Klaus Bungert, Düsseldorf's Lord Mayor, U.S. Coach John Brennan said, "I've never seen a more sumptuous buffet. There were whole Westphalian hams baked inside enormous loaves of bread. One In-

The International Cross-Country Championship was set in picturesque surroundings that belied its pitfalls, but Belgium's taciturn Leon Schots took them all in stride

by Kenny Moore



A jostling field of 180 runners from 20 countries charged off in Düsseldorf, but 12,300 meters later Schots was all alone as he leaped across the finish line



international Amateur Athletic Federation official went staggering back for thirds, saying, "I have qualified for the final." No athletes were invited.

Bedford, in the austere spirit of cross-country, was not indignant. "All you need is a hard floor, spare food and a lot to drink afterward," he said. Heritage, however, fumed a little, saying, "It's symbolic that they have us running on a horse track."

Ah, but what a horse track. When the Americans inspected the 1½-mile circuit laid out over the undulating, spring-green sod of Grafenberg Race Course, they were enthralled. Set in view of a 16th-century castle, between birch woods and a double row of great, dark chestnut trees, the site evoked imaginings of baronial romance. Pansies and yellow bursts of fox-sythia surrounded towering stands and a glassed, oriental-carpeted tea house where members of Düsseldorf's industrial elite could sit at linen-covered tables and gaze over their schnapps at the runners below. "It's beautiful," said Jeff

Wells, a first-year student at Dallas Theological Seminary. "Just beautiful."

Beautiful and subtly lethal. Studded with sand hazards and log barriers, the course had been marked with miles of red and white plastic ribbon, guiding the runners over the most hoof-churned ground available. "Compared with this, the course we qualified on at Alameda [Calif.] was a joke," said Jon Anderson of Eugene, Ore., the 1973 Boston Marathon champion.

It seemed unlikely the U.S. men would do well. Rodgers and Frank Shorter were home running road races, and although AAU champion Rick Rojas of the Colorado Track Club was along, he had been sick with one virus or another for two months. "I took him for a 10-mile run last week," said his Colorado teammate Steve Fianagan, "and he didn't recover from it for four days."

Race day dawned sunny and crystalline, but soon a blustery March wind blew up clouds. After the junior teams had paraded before the 10,000 noisy spectators,

swirling rain began to fall as a skyrocket signaled the start of their race.

The field of 88 bolted the first 300 yards of uphill, wormy ground as if the race were 800 meters, not 7,500. "I kept telling myself to stay back," said Thom Hunt of the University of Arizona, an 8:35.1 two-miler who had finished second last year. Hunt stayed in the middle of the pack early, but as the injudicious front-runners began to be sucked down by two soft stretches of sand and a raised hump of land called an *Erdwall* (earth-wall), he gained rapidly. With two of the three laps to go he led a pack of nine contenders. The most threatening rival appeared to be Finland's Ari Puumonen, the European junior 1,500-meter record holder with the fine time of 3:38.4.

Hunt kept the pressure on, rolling freely downhill and letting Puumonen lead the uphill. "I lost the race last year on the downhills," Hunt said later. "I'm improving." Over the log barrier in the stretch with a mile-and-a-half lap to go, Hunt burst away to a 15-yard lead. Com-

continued

ing out of the *Erdwall* he had built it to 30. Paunonen sagged. "With 500 to go I knew I was safe," said Hunt. Taking the last barrier like an intermediate hurdler, he came home with a graceful sprint, his long hair flying, to win by 80 yards. Mark Spillsbury, a University of Colorado freshman who is the U.S. junior cross-country champion, was fifth; Marty Froelick of Houston was 12th; and Chris

Fox of Martinsburg, W. Va. finished 18th to give the U.S. 36 points, enough for a four-point win over Spain.

After receiving his medal, Hunt stripped off his clammy racing shirt for one of the senior men to wear—the AAU had not sent enough—and said, flushed and excited, "It'd be fun to jump into the long race now, just to be in that incredible pack."

But first it was the women's turn, over 5,100 meters. Julie Brown, intent on duplicating the tactics that won for her two years ago, headed the field from the start, running powerfully, dangerously so. On her back were defending champion Carmen Valero of Spain and the 1972 Olympic 1,500-meter gold medalist, Lyudmila Bragina of the Soviet Union. As the sky-rockets marking the leaders' passage went up at 1,000 meters and 2,000 meters, Brown held her lead, resisting Valero's repeated challenges. By 3,000 meters Brown was a wreck. "I felt I had my best chance running in front," she said later. "But I shouldn't have fought everybody off all the time." She drifted back, eventually finishing 14th. With a mile to go, the race was between Valero—a 14:08.3 1,500-meter runner possessed of an economical, rolling stride—and Bragina, the far faster finisher, who seemed to be running stiffly, her knees

low. Five hundred yards out Valero slipped away by 20 yards through the final sand hazard, but as they entered the stretch she could go no faster. It was up to Bragina. She closed. But only to within two seconds. Still, with Soviet women placing second, third, fourth and sixth, they easily won the team race. The U.S. was second among the 17 women's teams, with Brown's L. A. Track Club teammate Sue Kinsey eighth, Kathy Mills of Penn State 11th, Iowa State's Peg Neppel 15th and Heritage 48th.

Mills was the biggest surprise. A slender 18-year-old from Syracuse, N.Y., she had been only eighth in the AAU championship. "I wasn't as tired as I thought I'd be," she said, clutching a plastic sack stuffed with Russian dolls she had received in exchange for most of her running uniform. "It was a lot of fun."

Women are probably better suited for having fun at this sort of thing. For the senior men's 12,300-meter race was a shifting spectacle of weariness. This may be the hardest race in the world to win, pitting as it does the best runners from a variety of events: milers against marathoners, steeplechasers against 10,000-meter men. In no other kind of running is the strain so great. The toll of constantly hauling oneself out of sand, over logs and away from surrender is eventually a certain blindness of will. The closest thing to it on the track is the steeplechase. But the cross-country world championship is four times as long.

As the 20 teams assembled in the starting gates, watery sunshine spread across the fields. The commands were given; there was a tense moment of stillness and the 180 runners were off, shouting as if in a cavalry charge.

Around a sweeping right turn coursed the horde, six abreast, and over the first *Erdwall*. Eighty yards after that came a wrenching left on muddy turf. Welsh captain Dick Evans, a schoolteacher, fell. Tony Sandoval was running a few places behind. "He ducked down, looking to his left," Sandoval recalled. "I'll never forget the look of terror as my knee came by his face." Then Evans began to be struck by other runners in the horde. "I screamed," he said later. "And kept screaming until it was safe." Finally, spit from the back of the pack with only truses, Evans scrambled up and went on. "I passed 40 men or so. That's not bad when you figure I could have been dead."

After 2,500 meters the field was still

continued



Thom Hunt put his signature to a junior wife



Over the logs, women's winner Valero (135) of Spain held off Bragina (141) and Romanova (142)

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whole, two and three men in width, 150 yards in train. Franco Fava of Italy led, with Olympic marathon silver (1972) and bronze (1976) medalist Karel Lismont of Belgium, Tony Simmons and Bernie Ford of England, Euan Robertson of New Zealand and Detlef Uhlemann of West Germany clustered behind. Running within easy reach of the leaders were defending champion Carlos Lopes, a bank clerk from Portugal, and another pale Belgian, Leon Schots. Schots in particular was enjoying himself, occasionally darting into the lead over the *Erdwall* or before a stretch of sand, seemingly for no more reason than frolic.

After two of the five laps, the field began to drift apart, comradely antagonists gathering in clots of two or three. The leading U.S. runner was Gary Tuttle, the current AAU marathon champion, who was 47th. In front, Lismont tried to break away, running with a cumbersome arm action, as if sawing wood. Schots yelled to him in Flemish, saying it was too early, and Lismont eased. Lopes, a runner of boundless stamina who, like Valero, needs a cushion to withstand faster finishers, held in second. The pace was not exceptionally fast and eight men still remained in contact, so it seemed the Portuguese must try to run away soon.

But at 7,500 meters it was Schots who flew ahead. Lopes surrendered 15 yards, then began working to catch up as the rest of the field fell away. Gradually, Lopes caught and passed the Belgian. Schots, running with a composed expression, let a yard or two open up on the last hill on the fourth lap, then regained it on the downhill. Together they ran down the stretch and entered the last lap. The crowd pressed to the rails, gesticulating at the churning runners with wild arm movements, as if incensed.

Through the next 2,000 meters, Lopes drove himself to break free of the looming Schots, much as he had tried in the last 2,000 of the Olympic 10,000 meters to gain some breathing room against Lasse Viren. He had no more luck in Düsseldorf. Up the last hill Schots was still there, and once even looked back, checking that no one was sneaking up on the two leaders. Schots knew then he would win... and so did Lopes.

They came into the last 300 meters together, and still neither tried to sprint. As they approached the last barrier, the crowd could see Uhlemann, Fava and Ford 40 yards behind, sprinting like ma-

naics, while the leaders continued to drift, knocking elbows. It wasn't until a hundred yards remained that Schots moved away. He looked back at the staggering Lopes and threw his arms aloft. Then, crossing the line for the last time, he leaped in such violent joy one felt cheated. This hadn't been hard for him at all. All the other frontrunners—led by Uhlemann in third—finished looking over their shoulders, bereft of any urge for a higher place, reduced to just wanting to preserve the one they had. Belgium edged out England 126-129 for the team title. Dave Bedford, feeling a cramp in his calf at two miles, had thrown off his shoes and ran barefoot to 45th.

Jeff Wells, in 24th, was the first U.S. finisher. The team wound up 12th, with Tuttle in 42nd place, Air Force Spec. 4 Mike Bordell 79th, Tom Wysocki of the University of Nevada-Reno 99th, Sandoval 104th, Anderson 106th and Rojas 111th. "I don't think there is any way the U.S. can be competitive in the world championship unless we change everything," said Anderson. "We'd have to change our courses, our season, our values." His tone was that of a firsthand observer recognizing that different traditions have different ends.

Schots is a planspoken self-deprecating soldier. Asked what was his biggest previous success, he said, "I never had any success." In the evening he stopped in at the one reception allowed the athletes all week, accepted a memento and slipped away to celebrate with his wife. Without him, the party accelerated, the athletes commandeering the band and flying into a fury of wild dancing and loud music.

One American asked a friend of Schots what sort of man he was. "Well, he's Flemish," was the reply. "He is as the Flemish painters might have depicted him. Not a peasant, but a reserved, healthy man. A simple man."

Suddenly it became possible to view the entire day's spectacle as a Breughel painting. Drawing back, one saw the fat burghers and possessive officials, the serpentine drifts of laboring athletes, the dancing Russians, chorusing Irishmen and bellicose Spaniards as part of a single composition. It was a picture of an integrated culture, built up over the ages, in which the American runners were easily identifiable, looking on from the sidelines, bemused at the passions of the others.

END

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BOUND FOR GLORY AND A WREATH OF ROSES

With a mighty swoosh, the Derby favorite, Seattle Slew, pulled far away from his foes in the Flamingo and put himself in the exalted class of Secretariat

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Mercifully, bettors forget fast, forget whether the 5-horse that ran down the track with their money was Skeddadle Sue or Sippin Brew or Something New. But the 23,198 who went racing at Hialeah Park last Saturday won't forget Seattle Slew for a very long while. He clobbered the best 3-year-olds that could be mustered in the 48th Flamingo Stakes, strolling past the winning post with a four-length lead after having spurted 10 lengths up on his closest rivals as he rolled into the homestretch.

Seattle Slew has won all five of his starts and, believe it, he may well be a superhorse. To hype its gate, Hialeah ran television and radio spots that asked, "Is Seattle Slew as fast as Secretariat?" Judging from their records at the same stage, Slew is better. Why? Because he is undefeated. Secretariat had been beaten in one of his nine starts as a 2-year-old and would lose again before the Derby.

The Flamingo winner has faced 50 rivals and beaten them by more than 100 lengths. When he was purchased at auction 20 months ago, he cost only \$17,500 (in part because he has a slew foot, his right fore). Today the colt's value is close to \$7 million (Secretariat was syndicated for \$6.08 million in March of his 3-year-old season). Five weeks from now, Slew will go to the post in the Kentucky Derby as an overwhelming favorite, and the only real question about that race seems to be the number of colts willing to contest second.

Last weekend, from New York to California, animals were trying to earn their

way to Churchill Downs. At Aqueduct, Cormorant won the \$54,000 Bay Shore in lackluster fashion, while Habitony won the \$199,000 Santa Anita Derby. However, neither seems to have the wondrous speed of Seattle Slew. Nor are they box-office draws, which Slew seems destined to be.

Thirty minutes before the Flamingo he was led out of his barn on the backstretch and was walked in three lazy circles by his groom. Eight photographers were snapping pictures of him. The colt took 10 steps, stopped and lifted his head. Click. Click. He took 15 steps more and stopped, tail waving. Click. Click. As he walked under the canopy of Australian pines leading to the paddock, Jimmy Jones, the trainer of Calumet Farm during the glory years of Citation, Coaltown, Two Lea, Tim Tam and Iron Liege, watched Slew closely. "Well, well," Jones said, "that sure is no common critter." No matter if he has a decidedly common name.

That seems to be the case this year with the Derby runners. The list of Churchill Downs nominees starts with Abba Cap and ends with Yack Yack. In between are 295 colts and fillies with dime-store tags, though they are worth many millions of dollars. Among them: A Gypsy Says, A Letter To Harry, Where Is Paul, Brooks Brother, Cuzwuzwrong (who won the California Derby), Clev Er Tell (who won the Louisiana Derby two weeks ago) and Run Dusty Run (who finished second in the Fair Grounds race).

Karen and Mickey Taylor, the young couple who owns Slew, explain his name by saying they come from a town near Seattle (White Swan, which has a population of 600), and the man who selected the colt for them, their vet and advisor Jim Hall, lives near Florida swampland called a slew. Perhaps the Taylors would have thought longer or harder about the matter had they known the colt by Bold Reasoning out of My Charmer would be a headliner.

The Taylors have been in racing just four years and have had superior luck. They went to the right man at the start. Wanting a runner for the West Coast, they approached Allen Jerkens, perhaps the wisest trainer in the East. He showed them a grass horse named Triangular and said they could have him for \$50,000. "Take him and run him for a while and if he doesn't do good by you, just give him back at no cost," Jerkens said. The Taylors shipped Triangular west and he won his first start. And his second. Later he won a stake. "We didn't know anything about horse racing then," says Karen Taylor. "And we really didn't get lucky with Triangular. We got lucky with Allen Jerkens. When Triangular won races, I sent pictures of him to Mr. Jerkens. He didn't have to help us, we were nobodies. He just went ahead and did it."

The Taylors have had bad luck, too, but it never is mentioned, never surfaces in their conversation. In 1975 they had a fine 2-year-old named Lexington Laugh, a horse they hoped would carry their colors in the Kentucky Derby. "We named him Lexington Laugh because we had gone to Lexington and had a lot of laughs there," says Karen. "I went crazy over the horse. I got too deeply involved. I'd sleep in front of his stall. He was a good horse, and sound. But he kept running up against Telly's Pop and lost several times. We ran him in the Norfolk Stakes at Santa Anita that fall. Telly's Pop won the race, but Laugh was in con-

continued

Though he coasted through the sunny stretch, Slew posted the Flamingo's third-fastest time





From sunrise to sunset Seattle Slew is the center of attention at his barn on the Hialeah backstretch.

ROUND FOW GLOWY continued

tention as the field neared the top of the stretch. He had trouble changing leads on the turn and broke his leg. Mickey and Dr. Hill both said Laugh had to be put down, but I couldn't let them do it. I knew he could never run again but I wanted him saved. I wanted to keep him in the backyard and be able to look out the window and see him. He was operated on and lived for two months, but he finally had to be destroyed.

"I now know that I did the wrong

thing. I was thinking of what was good for me and not for the horse. It was selfish and wrong. I promised myself that I would never again get attached to a horse if we ever came up with another good one. We will only do what is best for Seattle Slew. He will not run to set records. Breaking records means broken legs."

Two hours after Slew won the Flamingo, the Taylors, Dr. Hill, Jockey Jean Craguet and Trainer Billy Turner were

celebrating in the barn area of the racetrack. "We have the movies of Slew's 2-year-old wins," Karen said, "and at Christmastime we showed them over and over. Just about everybody at home saw those races. We'd run the tapes and lift a glass. We had 44 friends and relatives come down to the Flamingo, and if we are lucky enough to get to the Derby I don't know how many more friends might show up in Louisville. Mickey is in the logging business and there will be a lot of loggers there. Mickey's dad, Chet, is serving as the caretaker for the horse. He guards Slew and even watches television with him. We want Seattle Slew to run as a 4-year-old so the public can see him. I know that the crowds are going to get bigger, but I think we can handle that. When Slew won the Eclipse award as the top 2-year-old of last season, we looked around at the dinner in Los Angeles and realized that there were many people there who hadn't been as lucky as we had been. Many had been in racing for years and years, and when they sat down at their tables we noticed them leafing through their programs and as they read about us, turning quiet. Here we were getting an award after so little time. It made us happy, sure, but a little sad, too, for the others. I guess the thing we remember is that Allen Jenkins thought enough of us to want us to come into racing in the first place."

It was close to 8 p.m. when the Taylors prepared to leave the Hialeah backstretch. Karen walked to the stall door and looked in. She raised her hand and said, "So long, Slew."

There were few skeptics anywhere in Miami that night. One might wonder if the colt will be able to run the mile-and-a-quarter Derby distance in front all the way. Certainly he had no trouble with the mile-and-an-eighth Flamingo, turning in the third-fastest time in the history of the race—1:47 $\frac{1}{2}$. Only Honest Pleasure (1:46 $\frac{1}{2}$ in 1976) and Bold Ruler (1:47 in 1957) were swifter, and those horses are both famous for not having won Kentucky Derbies. But Slew is far from his peak. The Flamingo was only his second start as a 3-year-old. In his first, a seven-furlong Hialeah event on March 9, he set a track record of 1:20 $\frac{3}{4}$. He went the first six furlongs that afternoon in 1:08, also record time.

Slew now ships to New York. His next start probably will be in the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct on April 23, where



Groom John Polston and owner Karen Taylor share the good news about their undefeated headliner

his toughest competition should be Cormorant, a son of His Majesty, who has six wins in a row. "Last year," says Billy Turner, "some horsemen who should know told me that Cormorant was good. It came as no shock to me when he won the Bay Shore."

If Cormorant is not the real thing, Clev Er Tell could be, and Run Dusty Run should not be discounted. Clev Er Tell won the Louisiana Derby by running in front all the way, equaling the track record with a 1:48½ for the mile-and-an-eighth. It was his sixth win at the Fair Grounds this winner. He is trained by 68-year-old Homer Pardue, who was born

across from the quarter pole at Churchill Downs. Pardue saw his first Derby in 1925. He plans to run Clev Er Tell in the Arkansas Derby before going on to Kentucky. It is the same route Pardue took with No Le Haze, who finished a good second to Riva Ridge in 1970.

Most people with Derby aspirants have thought Run Dusty Run a threat since last September, when he won five of six starts, including the Arlington-Washington Futurity and the Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes at Churchill Downs. Dusty's Louisiana Derby run was not smooth. He broke inward at the start and was bumped later by A Letter To Harry.

Still, Run Dusty Run was not making up appreciable ground in the stretch. He will appear next in the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland on April 28.

Normally, one looks to the Florida races to find potential Derby winners. This year's Florida Derby was raced in two divisions and won by Ruthie's Native and Coined Silver. Ruthie's Native took his half by running in front, while Coined Silver came from far back. Both battled Seattle Slew in the Flamingo. Ruthie's Native ran forwardly placed before dropping back to finish 12th. Coined Silver wound up a struggling sixth. The horse closest to Seattle Slew was Giboulee, which means "little storm" in French. Like Seattle Slew, the Flamingo was only his second outing of the year. At two he won four of 13 Canadian starts. He could improve. He could run up a bigger storm, but he'll need a mighty wind to blow by the Taylors' colt.

The Santa Anita Derby winner Habitony was the 2-to-1 favorite and came from 19 lengths off the pace to score by three lengths. The colt, bred in Ireland and bought for \$49,000 a year ago, won't extend himself if the track surface stings his feet and sometimes pulls himself up when he reaches the lead, so it is none too certain that he will make the trip to Churchill Downs.

Within the next few weeks Derby horses will come and go, and some will hide from Seattle Slew. Hiding may be the smart thing to do.

END

Having accelerated with stunning swiftness as he rolled into the final turn, Slew suddenly was 10 lengths ahead, and his rivals were racing by themselves





Bruce Lietzke, 25, is the leading money earner of 1977, has two tour titles.



Mark Hayes, 27, drubbed an all-star field on a tough course at the TPC.



Severiano Ballesteros, 19, was World Cup victor, runner-up in British Open.



Jerry Pate, 23, took the U.S. and Canadian Opens in his first year as a pro.

NONE OF THEM WILL WIN THE MASTERS

The young and unheralded have made off with the lion's share of prizes on the winter tour but now they face the subtlety and mystery of Augusta by **DAN JENKINS**

In golf nobody wants to hit an oblique—or even look at one. But if you hit an oblique on the first tee as the Masters you may wallow in shame and degradation the rest of your life. Ghosts are watching. You might also injure several people from Macon who have hot dogs around their necks and binoculars in their teeth. Maybe it's the other way around, although you never know about people from Macon. Anyhow, try not to hit an oblique at the beginning of your round in the Masters, or . . . SHANKED DRIVE CRUMPLES AUGUSTA SAN, WERKOPF IN CUSTODY. Something like that. It is hard, very hard, to get off to a good start in the first of the year's major tournaments. You begin by focusing the eyes, clearing the throat and then carefully wringing the sweat out of the palms.

This applies equally to the man who is thinking seriously about winning the Masters as well as to those simply attempting to play well. Next week the golfers come again to the course in America that best combines the game's immense subtleties with scenery so overwhelming and an atmosphere so suffocating that 1974 U.S. Open champion Hale Irwin has said, "You start to choke when you drive through the front gate. On the first hole you just want to make contact with the ball."

A lot of things share in creating the Augusta shakes. The history, of course. All of those double eagles and Ben Hogans and Sam Sneads and Arnold Palmers and Jack Nicklaus. The fact that the Masters is the first of the biggies, two months ahead of the U.S. Open, three ahead of the British Open, four ahead of the PGA. The elegant and imposing clubhouse with its attendant cottages. The mammoth scoreboards. The hallowed

bridges and fountains. The statuesque pines. The enormous, golf-wise crowds. Certainly the fact that the players have not only been 12 months without dogwood, but also have been eight months (since the previous PGA) without the massive attention of TV, radio, newspapers, magazines, manufacturers, agents, managers, sponsors and dotting corporate types that the major tournaments attract.

As Nicklaus has pointed out, "If you wind up scoring well in one round, you're so beseeched by people it's almost impossible to prepare for the next day. It's very hard to handle, particularly for the younger player."

Small wonder, then, that wisdom and knowledge serve the competitors best at Augusta. Joe Bob Talent may do extremely well, but Billy Ray Experience will beat up on him nearly every time. You can look it up.

The tournament has had two lives. Beginning in 1934 there were the early years when somebody had to win. This period extended through the postwar years when Hogan and Snead had a stranglehold on golf, concluding, in fact, with the Snead-Hogan playoff in 1954. It is the 22 Masters played since that have produced the interesting statistics. The tournament has been won not only by a Palmer and a Nicklaus, but also by a Coody and an Aaron; not only by a Player and a Casper but also by a Brewer and a Goalby. Age and enlightenment have collected the green jackets.

Statistics tell us—and all the ambitious Bruce Lietzkes—the harsh truth of all the major championships, it is the Masters that requires the most experience. The average age of the Masters winner over this second life of the tournament is 32 years. Moreover, the winner is

usually appearing in his eighth Masters.

Case histories: a year ago Raymond Floyd was 33 and competing at Augusta for the 12th time; in 1973 Tommy Aaron was 36 and playing in his 11th Masters; in 1971 Charlie Coody was 33 and it was his sixth Masters; in 1968 Bob Goalby was 39 and it was his ninth Masters. What of the immortals who bring down the averages? Arnold Palmer was 28 when he took the first of his four titles and it was his fourth appearance. Jack Nicklaus was 23 when he won the first of his five, but it was his fifth Augusta visit. Besides, Jack always seemed old for his age, despite the crew cut.

All of which brings up this year's Rife List. People drawing names in office pools should be happy to get any of the following 10 players, even though none has yet won a Masters. Each is among the game's most accomplished shormakers, and each falls into the proper age and experience category. They are: Tom Weiskopf, 34, 10th Masters, has finished second four times; Johnny Miller, 29, eighth Masters, second twice; Hale Irwin, 31, seventh Masters, fourth twice; Ben Crenshaw, 25, sixth Masters, last year's runner-up; Hubert Green, 30, seventh Masters, has been eighth; Dave Stockton, 35, eighth Masters, has finished second; J. C. Snead, 35, sixth Masters, has been second; Tom Watson, 27, fourth Masters, has finished eighth; Dave Hill, 39, 10th Masters, has wound up fifth; and Tom Kite, 27, fifth Masters, has finished fifth (and 10th) in the past. The list would normally include Lee Trevino, were he healthy enough to enter this year, even though Trevino chooses to think the course has never been suited to his game. Next year's list, Lee.

As for the Unripe List, it features youth and old age. Statistics suggest that 1977 is still too early to take seriously Bruce Lietzke, Jerry Pate, Mark Hayes, Gary Koch, Tom Purtzer, Rik Massengale, Andy Bean or Severiano Ballesteros. Or anyone else who has been to Augusta only once, twice or not at all. These are young men who can play the game and have proved they can win on the tour—and maybe at Nueva Andalucía—

continued

but in more than a quarter of a century only one player has stolen the Masters as early as his *third* appearance. That was in 1969 when George Archer introduced a putter he had baked over hot coals. Of the group of youngsters, it would seem that Luetke (Tucson, Hawaii), Pate (U.S. Open, Canadian, Phoenix), Massengale (Hartford, Hope), Hayes (Byron Nelson, Pensacola, TPC) and Koch (Tallahassee, Citrus) have the best chance, for they have won on more than one occasion. And Pate of course has even taken a major. But their problem is, they don't have Augusta credentials.

At the same time, it should be altogether too late for another gang. The form chart dictates that if you haven't won the Masters by a certain period in your career, you never will. Enter now Don January, Gene Littler, Al Geiberger and Bruce Devlin. While they are stylish players who have lattered on many a leaderboard, they figure to be finished at Au-

gusta. January has not won in 16 tries, Littler (who once lost a playoff) in 22, Geiberger and Devlin in 14.

The Augusta National course needs mastering. It is such a strange piece of real estate. Outwardly, no esoteric horrors to speak of. If anything, its 7,030 yards of broad fairways and no rough look huggable. A par 68 for the beg hutter who can reach all four of the par-5 holes in two, although it is a par 72 for most others with valid passports. There is, however, more to the Augusta National than that. This has to do with hills, humps and slopes, with dark corners, with sprawling, slick greens, with pins that are often placed by calloused werewolves, with the awareness of the water on the back nine—"the bogey name," some call it—and finally with a wind that can curl up and hide in the clusters of pines and then literally come howling toward the shot struck with a club selected by lottery.

"My first time at Augusta I shot a 69 in the opening round and I said, 'Hey, this isn't so tough'—and then I shot an 83 and missed the cut." Those are the words of Raymond Floyd.

There may be no better way to adequately describe the subtleties and options involved in dealing with both the course and the tournament than to take a spin around the 18, with appropriate pauses at the thriller holes. Among the occasional voices, there will be those of men who have won the Masters, those who have barely lost it, and those who have never come close. But they will be individuals who have given more thought to the Augusta National than they have to their children's cereal, for as Weiskopf has said, "After I open my presents under the tree on Christmas morning, I start thinking about the Masters."

Here, then, is the course:

No 1, 400 yards, par-4. Down a gentle slope from the umbrellas and cock-

continued

THE COURSE HAS TAUGHT THEM A LESSON

TEE TO GREEN: "They use the corners of greens to tease you, putting the pins there. You must learn there are many holes where you do not want to shoot for the flag, no matter where they put it." —Ed Sneed

"I play each hole backward in my mind. I look at the magnetic diagram showing the pin placement that is on every tee and decide where I want to play my second shot from. Then I figure what kind of tee shot I must hit." —Hale Irwin

"I think of the 3rd as a second-shot hole. You don't want to go left, or go for the pin on your approach, but you can take advantage of the angle by hitting your second from the right side of the fairway in order to get it to kick left. If you hit from the left it will kick even farther right." —Tom Weiskopf

"Wind is the problem at 4. It will often carry the ball over the green where there is an out of bounds. A young player might look at the yardage and think he needs a wood. He doesn't." —Jack Nicklaus

"The second shot at 5 takes learning. I have

played every type of shot here over the years to learn what works best for me, and everyone has to do that." —Jack Nicklaus

"It's easier to chip from the back on the 6th green than up to the hole. If the pin is set back on the right, you must get to the hole, even over." —Ed Sneed

"Standing on the tee at 9, you can't believe how much you can hook the ball and not be in trouble. You'll think you're in the trees and you'll find your ball in the middle of the fairway." —J. C. Sneed

"The trees around 10 make it hard to grow grass on the green, and the tree roots have taken over under the green. The combination makes the surface like cement, which is something you must take into account while figuring your approach." —Tom Watson

"I play down the left side of 11 because of the hazard. I would rather be hitting across the water than alongside it. If you let up here, you'll bogey or double-bogey. You learn not to be aggressive at the wrong time. One thing that makes this so hard is 12. You try not to think about it and you say you'll take your time, but I swear I get to the 12th tee in about two steps and it interferes with your thinking on 11." —Raymond Floyd

"At 12 only a stubborn player would go for the pin when it's on the right. You just have to be patient with this hole. Hit to the center of the green and work the ball to the pin. It's not the place to get greedy." —Tom Weiskopf

"The 14th presents a very tough second shot. It's hard for younger players to under-

stand that this hole plays better from behind the green than in front." —Jack Nicklaus

"The 15th is a hard green to keep the ball on. Anyone you can go for it on your second shot, you do, rather than hit that patch off the downhill. It's the toughest pitch in golf." —Jack Nicklaus

"The 17th plays longer than the yardage—400. Uncle Sam told me that. You need at least a half club more than the yardage indicates." —J. C. Sneed

THE GREENS: "The pin placements are the same every year and the first time you see them they're unbelievable. You look at where they are and your first reaction is, 'That's not fair!'" —Tom Weiskopf

"You have to learn not to believe your ego and your eyes, especially on the greens." —Tom Kite

"The second hole is a good example of an inexperienced player's tendency not to believe what people have said about the course. When the pin is set on the right behind the trap, the green breaks like a horseshoe. But it sure doesn't look that way, and you can only find out by missing up. You must face the problems of this course in competition, not practice, in order to learn." —Hale Irwin

"They shave the grass way down on the bank in front of the 3rd green and they don't water it. The green drops off in back, too. It's a good example of design, where the pins are guarded by the greens themselves, unlike the Open where pins are generally guarded by rough." —Ed Sneed



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tails and wistaria of the veranda is the tee. Golf shop, press compound and pines on the right. Drive over a valley and pitch to a green without a straight putt on it. "A good starting hole," says Irwin, "except for the nerves."

No. 2, 555 yards, par-5. A dogleg to the left, around the trees. Reachable in two if you avoid the bunker on the right from the tee and have a taste for downhill lies. Nicklaus believes that young players worry too much about the left side. "Just don't snap-hook it," he says.

No. 3, 360 yards, par-4. A fairly easy drive but a delicate pitch, particularly when the flag has been spotted on the left peninsula. Nicklaus claims to have hit the perfect shot here and still wound up on the 4th tee because of the hidden wind. Jack never blames anything on his wedge, of course.

No. 4, 220 yards, par-3. Just a long, hard hole—a Buffalo to Cleveland flight in bad weather. The wise player aims for the green, not the pin. And everybody three-putts at least once.

No. 5, 450 yards, par-4. The hole nobody watches. It runs along a distant ridge, as if detached from the action in the tournament below. The requirements are a big drive and a long, high iron. "If you don't get the second shot up, it's b-o-g-e-y time," says Weiskopf. Green adds, "It's a British Open hole. You can hit a good shot and get a bad result."

No. 6, 190 yards, par-3. The hole where amateur Billy Joe Patton set a record for spilled Cokes and Southern whoops when he made a hole in one in 1954 as he chased after Snead and Hogan. In the old days, a much tougher hole. A swollen hump in the green was known as "the hill where they buried the elephant." Still a nuisance for putting if you're too far away from the cup. Basically, a concession-stand hole.

No. 7, 365 yards, par-4. A drive and a flip but the pitch is demanding. Nothing holds the green but the finest backspins from a nine-iron or wedge. Trevino likes to think of it as "one of the holes I don't hate."

No. 8, 530 yards, par-5. Again, more fun in the old days when the green was hidden behind a huge mound on the left. Now, a long, uphill, ordinary exercise giving an unmerciful advantage to the big hitter.

No. 9, 440 yards, par-4. A severe dogleg to the left, downhill from the tee, then up, up and away to the green. Muscular

types prefer the right side of the fairway, which offers a straight shot to the green. But that is because they can drive to the bottom and get a level lie. Everybody else has to go at a three-iron from a trapeze.

No. 10, 485 yards, par-4. The start of the most scenic and dramatic part of the course. Downhill, a dogleg to the left, the "cathedral of pines," as the literati like to call it. Ben Hogan always felt you had to drive high on the right, then drop a four-wood onto the green. It once held like marble. Today, Weiskopf and most of the others recommend a big hook to the bottomland. "It takes two clubs off the approach," says Tom.

No. 11, 445 yards, par-4. Out of a mysterious chute and over a hill. Then down to a green bordered by water on the left, with the pin sometimes looking as if it were afloat. Augusta's critical gambles begin with this second shot. Weiskopf points out, "Here's where the galleries start to show how knowledgeable they are. They know not to clap very much when you shoot for the pin if it's sitting on the left near the water. They know you're stupid."

No. 12, 155 yards, par-3. The best, prettiest, most historic and horrible par-3 in all of golf. Over Rae's Creek in a swirling wind to a narrow green and snag pin amid the frequent sounds of a competitor's cough. Club selection is almost everything, assuming the contender has muscle memory and has not glanced at the scoreboard. Says Nicklaus, "It comes down to whether you want to keep it in play or go for a two and come away with a five." And then there's the myth. As Green describes it, "They say if the dogwood tree on the right of the 13th tee is moving, then the wind is blowing over the 12th green, and when the dogwood stops moving, there's no wind. I don't believe it."

No. 13, 485 yards, par-5. The conclusion to Amen Corner. Another ultimate in gambling, on the tee, on the second shot. A sharp dogleg left around a banquet of pines and azaleas. An incorrigible little ravine fronts the green and meanders around the right side. Floyd speaks for most when he says, "If my chances are 50-50 after the tee shot, I'll go." To get on in two, both the drive—a low hook around the trees—and the second shot need to be perfect, for there is doom everywhere. As par 5s go, the 13th is no sweat.

No. 14, 420 yards, par-4. A commercial break from the scenery, but a tough, underrated hole. Drive and mid-iron. Never be short, says Nicklaus, "like I always am." Another good hole to get a bad break, according to Irwin.

No. 15, 520 yards, par-5. The holes at Augusta have botanical names and this one is Fire Thorn, but they might as well go ahead and invent a flower called Double Eagle. This is where Gene Sarazen did it. There is plenty of room for the drive but then come the theatrics. A big, tormenting, nerve-racking second shot—a TV director's delight—over the picturesque pond. The pros all say go for it with anything, aim at the grandstand, the bunker, whatever. To lay up is to face a dangerous pitch over the water from a downhill slope. The art of pitching evidently went out with Hogan. He always laid up, and always birdied.

No. 16, 190 yards, par-3. Another postcard. Water, trees, shadows. Floyd makes the only important point. Says he, "Any hole with water in front of the green gives the appearance of being shorter than it really is."

No. 17, 400 yards, par-4. A letdown after all that has come before it on the back nine. A drive and a pitch, but the second shot requires exactness.

No. 18, 420 yards, par-4. A superbly rugged finishing hole. There are options from the tee. A one-iron or three-wood if you need accuracy, or a drive if you're greedy. The green is a slightly smaller target than most and one doesn't really like to be above the cup if the greens are slicker than usual, which could occur this time because of the bad winter. The hole goes uphill, unfortunately, but that of course is where town is.

Among the seasoned competitors, theories abound as to how a man should contend with each hole. After a while they all begin to speak of the 5th, the 12th, the 15th, as if they are either old friends or valiant enemies. A new bunker or row of trees may at first be looked upon as some fanciful form of herpes, but then a tournament or two will pass and they will be accepted as shrines.

Years pass for the experienced Masters entrant. Green coats are worn only by those who wait. And because of his experience Trevino can be allowed to sum it up—perhaps for a generation of golfers: "Every year that Jack Nicklaus doesn't win the Masters, he ought to cut off a finger."

Not long ago a boxing manager named George Kanter, a droll, myopic min of 61 with a generous nose and a non-assertive way about him, crouched beside a ring that had been set up in the Marion (Ohio) Correctional Institution. He wore an elegant ascot of Italian silk beneath his shirt, and each time his fighter jabbed he called out, "Again, again," pronouncing it to rhyme with pain. He might have used another word, or worn other accessories had he wanted to stand out more than he did against the background of rough men in denim and ID badges. For example, he might

trasts and improbabilities. It is Harrow and Marion. It is his relationship with Don King. A rare match, Kanter digging deeply into his meager ration of hip American idioms to call King "a dynamite man," and King, never at a loss for words of any kind, saying, "George Kanter is my foreign representative. I want to rule the world, and I figure with George I've got a good shot at Europe." It is New York boxing trainer Paddy Flood, a dead-end kid grown up, with his shirt open halfway to his waist, looking on wonder at Kanter in his Pierre Cardin suit, calling him "Mr. Debonair."

Brussels-bred, Harrow-schooled and Paris-garbed, George Kanter is the U.S. fight game's hot line to Europe—a man of charm who has seen the sport prosper, wither and bloom again

by DAN LEVIN

BOXING FITS THIS OLD BOY LIKE A GLOVE

have shouted, "Fire!" or donned a Sioux war bonnet.

George Kanter had come a long way to that boxing ring—all the way from Harrow, the storied English boys' school where he studied 47 years ago, and which numbers among its alumni seven British prime ministers, including Winston Churchill. The penitentiary at Marion has only one renowned alumnus, Don King, the boxing impresario.

On this day King was staging a quarterfinal round of his United States Boxing Championships at his alma mater. He could not stop grinning and slapping backs, and he seemed as one with the inmates. Not George Kanter. The inmates regarded him much as a trout might regard a bird; it sees a shadow from another world.

That is the story of Kanter's life—con-

stating his head and saying, "George is everything in boxing. He's a trainer, a promoter, a manager, a psychologist. . . . My God, I don't know what he is."

Forty years ago Kanter's father was a wealthy manufacturer of women's gloves in Brussels—"A snob," Kanter says—who wanted his son to take over the business and to maintain the family's high social standing. The boxing scene horrified him, and when he would tell his son, "I didn't send you to Harrow for this," George would say what he has said ever since, "Well, gloves are gloves."

In recent months boxing in this country has risen like Lazarus. There is Don King's tournament, and there are the World Television Championships, run by Henry Schwartz and Don Elbaum. Kanter has found little-known talent for both, for example Kenny Weldon, the light-

weight he had at Marion, who acquitted himself well in a loss to Ruben Castillo, and who later complained he had to give Kanter a substantial part of his \$7,500 purse to get the fight (see SCORECARD).

But Kanter's principal business is his traffic with Europe. For 28 years he has brought its boxers to the U.S., and for the last 10 he has sent U.S. boxers to Europe, an average of 65 a year. Recently he began calling himself "The International Boxing Entrepreneur." That started after he brought Belgium's Jean-Pierre Cooman—"my latest masterpiece"—to Puerto Rico, where Muhammad Ali knocked him out in the fifth round.

If Kanter is often the butt of his own jokes, Cooman was the butt of the world's. As Kanter put it, "The occasion was too big for him. He froze." That the





fight made some money for King is in part a tribute to Kanter—after all, he had seen Coopman fight.

The fight was no sooner announced than Coopman was saying, "I feel beaten from the start." He met Ali at a New York press conference and seemed smitten, smiling and winking at the man the world was waiting to see him fight. Kanter told Coopman that sort of behavior would have to stop. Coopman speaks only Flemish, and Kanter posed the reporters' questions, in French, to Coopman's manager, who would query Coopman in Flemish. Ten minutes later Kanter would get the answer in French. ("Do you think you can win?" "I don't know.")

In Puerto Rico Kanter tried a more imaginative tack. He posed the questions to Coopman in French, and from the mumbled replies gave the world's press

answers like, "The fight will not go 15 rounds. Ali is no longer capable of matching my pace."

Kanter took over as Coopman's trainer, but Kanter couldn't fight Coopman's sparring partners for him. One day a Puerto Rican middleweight landed a good punch to the Belgian's belly and Coopman's knees wobbled. Kanter leaped into the ring, stepped between the fighters and yelled, "That's it! You're too sharp already. Let's not leave the fight in the gym."

Kanter then went to the Puerto Rican boxing commission and demanded that neutral officials—no Europeans or Americans—be assigned to the fight. A public relations man who was there says, "The reporters saw that he was serious, and some even began giving Coopman a chance. Kanter would say to them,

'He's been working too hard, so I told him to take it easy, not to show anything.' Jean-Pierre had nothing to show, but who knew it? He had a good record, and no one but Kanter had ever seen him fight. The boxing guys figured, 'Kanter's trying to pull a shrewd one here.' He even had Ali worried, working harder than he had to."

Not everyone was fooled, of course—not Paddy Flood, who thinks Kanter is "everything," and not only in boxing. "Most guys in our business are rough and street-wise," Flood says, "but George is Continental and debonair." With good reason. After Harris, Kanter went on to mingle with the Earl of Warwick and Viscount Selby at Switzerland's Chillon College, graduating in 1937 with a degree in business. He went to work for his father and did some jumping in horse

continued

shows That was the family sport; Kanter's sister Yvonne was European champion in the late '30s. But Kanter's hero was a Frenchman named Marcel Thil, the world middleweight boxing champion. Kanter had not been a strong boy—he did not have the stamina for soccer—but he had boxed since the age of seven. "Strictly scientifically," he says "When the going got rough I had good footwork."

When it got very rough he had great footwork. On May 10, 1940, Hitler invaded Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg, and the Kanter family fled. George rode in the rumble seat of their Packard convertible, diving into ditches when Stukas strafed the roads. His father had a showroom in New York, and he spent two more years there in the glove business. But after the war many European boxers were coming to this country, and Kanter decided he could make a living bringing them over. In July of 1948 Marcel Cerdan was getting ready for a September title fight with middleweight champion Tony Zale. Cerdan had just reversed a May loss to his countryman Cyrille Delannoy, managed by Fernand Fremont, then Kanter's closest friend in boxing. Kanter was sitting in Boston's Touraine Hotel on a weekly sales trip, reading about Cerdan, when suddenly he had an idea. He dashed down the stairs and ran across the street to a Western Union office, where he cabled Fremont and asked to represent him in this country.

Fremont wired back, "O.K., make me a proposition." Kanter went to Madison Square Garden and told promoter Sol Strauss, "I've got the guy who beat Cerdan," and he asked for a fight. Strauss suggested Sugar Ray Robinson and said, "We'll murder Zale-Cerdan at the gate." But at the last minute Fremont backed off—Kanter says he was afraid to leave his young wife—and Kanter felt his incipient boxing career was over.

Cerdan dominated the boxing news that fall by knocking out Zale to win the middleweight title. But Strauss did tell Kanter, "I like you, young man, and I want to see you in boxing." He mentioned another French middleweight, Robert Villemain, who had a 32-0-1 record, and he asked if Kanter could get him to fight Jake La Motta, then ranked No. 5. "No problem," Kanter said. "His manager is my best friend." But he did

not even know the man's name. So he sent a telegram to the Paris newspaper *France-Soir*, addressed "To The Manager of Robert Villemain," giving his New York phone number. *France-Soir* called the manager, Jean Bretonnel, and five days later Bretonnel phoned Kanter from Paris and said, yes, he was interested.

Kanter made the match for Jan. 7, 1949, in Madison Square Garden, but in December La Motta suffered a cut eye in training and Steve Belloise of New York fought in his place, winning a 10-round decision, Villemain's first loss. Nevertheless, Kanter's career as an international boxing figure had begun. He was 33 years old, and that year he all but inundated the U.S. with French boxers. Villemain lost a decision to Jake La Motta when his cut healed, and in June La Motta knocked out Cerdan to win the middleweight title. A rematch was set for September, but La Motta strained a shoulder muscle and the fight was put off to Dec. 2. Cerdan went back to France, saying, "I win the title back or I die." On Oct. 28, as Cerdan was returning to New York, his plane crashed in the Azores, killing everyone aboard. La Motta fought Villemain instead, though not for the championship, and lost.

After the fight, Edith Piaf, who had been Cerdan's mistress, called Villemain's dressing room to invite him, his wife, Bretonnel and Kanter to her late-evening performance at the Versailles, a famous New York nightclub of the day. Kanter says, "In her woman's mind she blamed La Motta for Cerdan's death," and in her dressing room she embraced Villemain, thanking him and weeping. She sent champagne to the boxer's table, and she stood there in the spotlight, singing *La Vie en Rose*. It was the most dramatic moment of Kanter's boxing career. He recalls, "We celebrated our victory in a very melancholy mood."

Kanter was learning how to create interesting fights by matching opponents with complementary styles. In 1954 he engineered what one boxing writer called "the three greatest upsets in one week in boxing history." On Friday night, May 14, Kanter replaced an injured fighter with Jacques Royer against Ralph (Tiger) Jones. The papers derided the bout as a mismatch, but Royer won on points. The following Monday Kanter's fighter, an Algerian lightweight named Hocine Khalfi, was an 8-to-1 underdog against

Sandy Saddler at New York's St. Nicholas Arena. Khalfi won a decision. That Friday Kanter had another Frenchman, Pierre Langlois, in with Jocy Giardello, a future middleweight champion. Langlois knocked him down and went on to win a decision.

George Kanter's career was going well now, but there was trouble on the horizon. For nearly 40 years Madison Square Garden had been the pinnacle of the boxing world. But in 1959 Teddy Brenner took over as matchmaker and the Garden changed. He had been one of the world's great matchmakers at Brooklyn's Eastern Parkway and at St. Nicholas Arena. In the Garden, Kanter says, Brenner kept using the same fighters, and he showed no interest in foreign talent. Brenner maintains there was no more foreign talent. The only promoter consistently using foreign fighters was Los Angeles' George Parnassus, and they were Mexicans. Kanter's vie lost its rose. But gloves were still gloves, and he went back to selling them.

He still kept one foot in the ring, however, and in 1970 he booked a French fighter in the Garden. His name was Marcel Cerdan Jr., and his opponent was Canada's Donato Paduano. Kanter got \$40,000 for Cerdan, an incredible sum for an unranked welterweight. Brenner called it "a holdup." Kanter said, "It's been seven long years." And though Kanter is not an overly sentimental man, he watched the son and saw the father. His eyes betrayed him; young Cerdan lost a decision to Paduano.

But Kanter was in business again. One of the American managers who now deals with him is Harlan Haas, a Texan, who says, "I don't have time to call a dozen boxing people in Europe, so I need one man I can trust. Now I've got George Kanter. He knows the business over there, and he cares about the fighters he works with."

Last fall Kanter called Haas and said, "I need a middleweight for Jean Mateo in Paris, a stand-up guy, not a runner." Haas suggested Willie Warren, a 30-year-old welder from Corpus Christi who rarely made \$1,000 for a fight.

Kanter got Warren \$2,000, and though he lost a close decision, many French sportswriters thought he had won. A group of fans carried him off on their shoulders. Says Kanter, "I never saw that in Paris before." Two months later

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he got Warren \$3,000 for a fight with Benny Briscoe, then the No. 2 middleweight in the world. Warren got a draw. Kanter next found Warren a slot in the Schwartz-Elbaum tournament at Kansas City, for a purse of \$10,000. Harlan Haas says, "Willie was going nowhere and George Kanter resurrected him."

These days George Kanter's alarm clock goes off at 6:30 a.m., but it is already 12:30 p.m. in France, and his phone begins to ring. "Hello, Kanter?" a caller said one recent morning. "This is Marcelin Martin in Marseilles. Have you any ideas for a show at the Palais des Sports?" Kanter tells him, "I'm thinking of going to Australia for Tony Mundine. He's very big in France. Maybe I'll put him in with a top American fighter, like Willie Taylor of New York—he beat the European light-heavy champion—and back up the show with some good French names." Martin says he will discuss it with his partner, and says goodbye. Moments later the phone rings again: "Monsieur Kanter? Monsieur Vercoutter in Dunkirk. How does it look for a world's title fight for my boy, Jo Kintipwan?"

"You will have to be patient," Kanter tells him. "The World Boxing Council named him the No. 1 contender, and we'll get a match, probably in Bangkok. But now I am expecting a call from Paris. Au revoir, Monsieur Vercoutter."

Soon Kanter selects one of his 11 Pierre Cardin suits. He leaves his ninth-floor apartment in the Riverdale section of the Bronx and catches a 9:17 train for Manhattan, where he has a desk in the Madison Avenue office of his old friend Murray Goodman, a well-known publicist of boxing and other sports. The desk is littered with Styrofoam coffee cups, last week's newspapers and the remains of king-size Saratogs, which Kanter chain-smokes. He pays Goodman \$50 a month for his little slum. He was offered an office at Don King's, a royal chamber in comparison, but he says he must preserve his "independence." By this he means he must work with many people, and in the boxing business, where everyone seems to hate everyone else, he wants to keep his options open.

On this morning he goes to see Henry Schwartz, a former television consultant and associate of Don King, at World Television Champions, Inc. Schwartz warns Kanter, "If it comes out you're talking to me, you're liable to lose some

of your old friends." They discuss a promotion in France. Kanter tells Schwartz about Mundine and Taylor, then rushes out and grabs a cab downtown to the Telstar Gym, run by Gil Clancy, manager of Emile Griffith. Kanter and Clancy have been trying to get Griffith a fight in France—but apparently for different reasons. It would take place in Périgueux, where Kanter keeps saying, "The place is very good. I would certainly like to go. That's my problem. I'm always thinking, 'Oh, that town has good oysters.' ... But Clancy wants \$20,000, and the promoter can only pay \$12,000.

Kanter says, "But, Gil, we've worked together for years."

Finally Clancy agrees, "Oh, go ahead," he says, "make the match."

Now it is 4 p.m., time for Kanter's daily pilgrimage to Don King's. As usual, King's other advisers are there—"my family," he calls them—Paddy Flood, who looks like the wrong guy to jostle in the street, veteran manager Al Braverman, a hulking, vaguely handsome man who seems to have a toothpick built into his front teeth. And now Pierre Cardin has arrived. King is wearing a tan leisure suit with a brightly flowered shirt and a gold medallion, and he, Braverman and Flood gaze at Kanter—like a trout at a bird, one might say—while Kanter tells a joke, an old boxing wheeze.

The joke flops. Kanter shrugs and says, "My mother had a saying: 'It's better to hear that than to be deaf.'"

On the way home George Kanter is happy about the way his life is going. He does not need Madison Square Garden anymore. He has Europe and he has fighters in both tournaments, King's and Schwartz-Elbaum's. He enjoys the respect of many boxing people, who agree about practically nothing else. And boxing, his first love, is making a comeback in the U.S. Kanter says, "It's like the '50s again: the Friday night fights; 'Look sharp, be sharp'; 'What'll you have, Pabst Blue Ribbon'; Don Dunphy...."

Until recently, Kanter had been selling gloves part time, but he has left the business forever, he hopes. "Gloves are strictly a cold-weather item now," he says. "They're not worn for fashion anymore, and you only need protective gloves for three or four months, but I have to make a living all year."

That he is doing. Boxing gloves seem to be back in.

END



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Blue skies may mean brown links

Northern California's extended drought could produce one big unplayable lie

A few weeks ago this item appeared on the Associated Press sports wire: "The drought that has afflicted northern California has placed in jeopardy the Pebble Beach Golf Links, site of the PGA national championship in August.

"We're hoping to be able to get enough water to water the greens and tees," one highly placed PGA source said. "There's no chance of watering the fairways. If we can get water for the greens, we'll be O.K. If not, . . ." He didn't finish the sentence."

In mid-March there was rainfall in

northern California, the first of any significance since early December and enough to dampen divots on parched fairways from Morro Bay to the Oregon border. Snow fell in the Sierra and water ran in the gutters of San Francisco. The "rainy" season was almost over, though, and the precipitation only temporarily alleviated the pressure on harassed golf-course superintendents. When a congressional subcommittee investigating drought conditions asked a National Weather Service hydrologist what it would take to bring California's water supply to normal levels this year, the hydrologist replied, "Extreme flooding over most of the state."

Golf fans may remember that the Bing Crosby Pro-Am, one of the first tournaments on the PGA tour each season—an event that is supposed to be storm tossed, wind lashed and precipitated upon—has been played under blue skies the last two years. Blue skies are fine for Southern California, where water planning is based on a semipermanent state of drought, but the north depends on rainfall and natural runoff from the rivers to fill its reservoirs and cannot survive too many blue skies in January.

Last year was bad enough, with runoff 40% of normal, but 1977 is turning

into a disaster. In the same manner that California's earthquakes are measured against the quake of 1906, until now its droughts have been compared to that of 1924, when runoff was 28% of normal. This year, it has been predicted, runoff will be 18% to 25% of normal.

"We've just never seen two years this dry back to back before," says Lawrence W. Mullnix, head of the state water project.

"If we have another year like this one next year, we'll virtually lose control of our system," says David Schuster of the federal Central Valley Project. "We'd come right down to dead storage on our reservoirs."

In a few places that point has already been reached. One is Marin County, on the north side of San Francisco Bay, where residents have been on mandatory water rationing since Feb. 1. Another is the Monterey Peninsula, the site of some of the finest golf courses in the world. Since Feb. 19, individuals in the area served by the Cal Am Water Co. of Monterey have been rationed to 50 gallons a day, about one-eighth of their normal usage. The seven golf courses in this water-service area—Pebble Beach, Cypress Point, Spyglass Hill, the Monterey Peninsula Country Club's shore and dune

continued



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courses, Old Del Monte and Pacific Grove Municipal—have been restricted to 50% of the amount they used in the corresponding month last year.

They are lucky to have that much. At first, it was proposed to the state Public Utilities Commission that in view of the emergency, golf courses be cut to 20% of their usage. Quick reaction by the mayors of the affected towns and representatives of the tourist industry persuaded the commission and the citizenry that 20% was not enough to keep a course going and that, at least for the time being, the loss of the golf courses would be an economic disaster equal to that caused by the drought. Golf produces revenue second only to tourism in the area, and most of it stays right in the Peninsula.

Half rations will be enough to keep putting greens, collars and approaches—the prime real estate on a golf course—in good shape. With proper management, there will be enough for the tees, too, and, in some cases, the landing areas in the fairways. But the rough and the dispensable parts of the fairways, such as the first 150 yards or so off the tees, will have to be left to nature.

"We've used too damn much water in the past. We can get along with less," says William H. Bengefield, an agronomist who is the head of the USGA's Western region. "In the end we may have better golf courses because of it."

Indeed, the practice of overwatering in order to obtain greenness, abetted by automated watering systems, has promoted the growth of grass with shallow root systems—like the despised weed known as *Poa annua*. As long as the ground is damp, *Poa annua* thrives and renews itself semiannually. But while a dry period will cause grass with deeper roots, such as bent and Kentucky blue and the fescues, to enter a dormant state, it will kill the *Poa annua*. Because killing *Poa* is what superintendents spend considerable time trying to do anyway, the drought may prove one part blessing to nine parts curse.

For golfers, the Monterey Peninsula courses are in ideal condition nowadays. The fairways have dried out to the extent that they have the burnished look of a British seaside course, one never watered by man. A well-hit iron shot produces a soul-satisfying crunch as the club head bites into the turf, and the greens are fast and firm.

The superintendents are happy, too,

but only for the moment. "We're getting compliments on our courses right now," says John Zoller of the Monterey Peninsula Country Club. "If we can keep our greens and trees watered, the consequences won't be too bad. Might even be an improvement."

Nobody knows how long the golf-course water allotment will continue. For one thing, public patience could run out at any time. Living on 50 gallons a day, which means collecting shower water in order to flush the toilet and pouring whatever is left on the azaleas, can get tedious. People who have watched their lawns die as sprinklers continue to keep golf courses alive might take the short view and cry, "Enough!" Or, Cal Am's water sources could begin to give out, increasing the desperation of the situation and making golf courses an unaffordable luxury even in a tourist economy.

Fearing a shutoff, the clubs have already investigated alternate sources of water. Pebble Beach, Cypress Point and the Monterey Peninsula Country Club have drilled 12 test holes among them, but it came up dry. "There doesn't seem to be much ground water on the Monterey Peninsula," says the MPC's Zoller. "We drilled five holes and got one that can produce 70 gallons a minute. The quality is borderline, but if total restriction comes, it will keep us in business, although only for the greens."

Cypress Point's members have found a man down the coast south of Carmel who owns a creek and will sell them water when the time comes. The club plans to rent tank trucks to transport the water, but the amount available will be barely enough for the greens. Cypress Point is small and private and would survive a ban on watering better than Pebble Beach, a daily-fee course on which as many as 200 rounds a day are played.

"Two hundred divots from every fairway every day with no water to renew them, and Pebble Beach will look like the Battle of Hastings," says agronomist Bengefield.

Moreover, hauling water is costly. Monterey Peninsula normally will use 50,000 gallons per course, three times a week. At present, Zoller pays the water company 40¢ per 1,000 gallons. If he has to buy water from an independent supplier in the Carmel Valley, the price will be 8¢ a gallon plus \$30 an hour for hauling.

While the cost of keeping the greens and fairways alive may seem high, the

cost of letting them die would be higher. Resodding 18 greens, for instance, would cost about \$27,000 plus labor, and the new sod would need at least a month to take hold. Even then, the greens probably would be bumpy for as long as a year. Disc reseeding is cheaper, but the greens would be virtually unplayable for three to five months. If the fairways need reseeding, the cost would approach \$20,000 per course, and it would take from two to eight months for the turf cover to return.

Should the drought persist through next winter, there is no doubt that all golf courses will be cut off from the water supply. Zoller hopes to get through this summer without further restriction. "The water company is depending on wells," he says. "There is no storage at all. If the wells maintain their present efficiency, we could make it."

In any case, the next step, everyone agrees, is toward effluents. A golf course that abuts on a sewage treatment plant courts itself lucky these days. The Olympic Club in San Francisco and some municipal courses are already using secondarily treated non-industrial effluents for irrigation. Says Bengefield, "It is a great source and a cheap source. The ground is the best purifier of poor water."

Del Monte Properties, which owns Pebble Beach and two other courses, investigated such a hookup with a treatment plant in nearby Carmel, but logistical problems and the maze of health regulations proved discouraging. "But effluents are in the future for all of us," says Zoller.

In the meantime, with or without water, and definitely without a sturdy stand of rough, the PGA Championship will begin at Pebble Beach Aug. 11. The PGA says it has never considered moving it anywhere else. "The PGA doesn't believe in a penalizing rough anyway," says a PGA official. "Because of the links' structure at Pebble Beach, we know it will play right."

With USGA rough at Pebble Beach in 1972, Jack Nicklaus won the U.S. Open with rounds of 71-73-72-74—290, which is two over par. This year, because of the drought, there was no rough for the Crosby. On the last day, when the entire field played Pebble Beach, more than half shot par or better.

The 1977 PGA Championship may well be a major tournament in need of an asterisk.

END

A close-up portrait of a man with dark, wavy hair and a slight stubble, looking directly at the camera. He is holding a single cigarette horizontally between his index fingers, positioned just above the main headline. Below the headline, he holds a pack of Winston Light 100's cigarettes with both hands. The pack is white with a gold band at the top and a red label with the word 'Winston' in white. The background is a soft, out-of-focus warm tone.

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Though some big new schools—and big new foreigners—were at the women's tourney, little old Delta State, with Ms. Inside and Ms. Outside, retained the title

The smaller stood taller

If one's interest in college basketball has been confined to the men's side of things, then the combination of schools playing in the semifinals of the Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women national championships last week at the University of Minnesota may seem curious, if not incredible. In one bracket Immaculata, a 500-student Catholic college located in suburban Philadelphia, took on Louisiana State, which has an enrollment of 24,000. In the other game, Delta State of Cleveland, Miss., with 3,200 students, went up against Tennessee, a university of 26,000. However, in the context of the women's game these pairings were logical and fairly predictable. The matchups also told a lot about how this game has advanced since the first AIAW championships were held five years ago.

Immaculata and Delta were the established powers. Between them they had won all the national titles, Immaculata getting the first three and Delta the last two. They are the best of a handful of small schools that in the early 1970s began to emphasize women's basketball.

Tapping Mississippi's strong high school program, Delta State in 1973 signed up 5' 11" Forward Wanda Hairston and 6' 3" Center Lucy Harris, who went on to become the first dominant big woman in college basketball, as well as the star of the 1976 U.S. Olympic team. The next year the Lady Statesmen added their catalyst, a 4' 11" point guard and ball-handling magician named Debbie Brock, who may have the quickest hands of any basketball player in the country, man, woman or child.

This year Harris & Co. sold out their school's 3,750-seat gym for eight of 16 home games, and spectators paid more than \$100,000 to watch the Lady Statesmen. They not only turned a profit for the school, but also made a lot more money than either the men's basketball or football teams. And nearly 1,000 of those

free-spending fans showed up in Minnesota, shelling out about \$150 a head for the trip north. "Yes sir," says Lauri Anne Harper, a 6' 1" forward, "down home, sometimes, people ask for autographs." "Little girls?"

"No, sir, Little boys. Down home the little boys all want to be Lady Statesmen."

Unlike the NCAA, the AIAW brings its top 16 teams to one site, where they play four championship rounds in a hectic four-day tournament. Last week's field included more big schools than ever before. In addition to LSU and Tennessee, there were seven other teams—Baylor, Kansas State, Michigan State, Minnesota, Missouri, St. Joseph's (Pa.) and Utah—that to one degree or another can claim to be powers in men's competition.

Tennessee and LSU turned out to be the best of them. Tennessee's star is Pat Roberts, a marvelously mobile 6' 1" center who played on the U.S. Olympic team and for two other colleges, one in Georgia and one in Kansas, before joining the Lady Vols. LSU's big guns arrived in Baton Rouge by an even more roundabout route. Julie Gross and Maree Bennie, both of whom stand 6' 2", come from Australia, where they have been members of that country's national team. This is hardly a new source of talent for a Tiger basketball squad. In 1972-74, the star of LSU's men's varsity was Aussie Eddie Palubinskas, and it was he who persuaded Gross and Bennie to enroll at Louisiana State. With that pair using their considerable international experience to good effect, the Lady Tigers finished with a 23-7 record.

Not surprisingly, the presence of the Aussies caused grumbling at the tournament, where some xenophobes even suggested that LSU change its nickname to the Koala Bears. But indisputably the Tigers' method of recruiting far and wide is the best way to the big time—a lesson that has not been lost on other schools.



Lucy Harris aided LSU's Aussies (14 and 15)

"I may take my vacation in Japan," says Delta's athletic director, Horace McCool. "I asked Lucy Harris who were the best players she met in the Olympics. She told me two Russians and a Japanese. I don't know how I'd go about getting the Russians, so that leaves Japan."

Not only are women basketball recruiters thinking a lot bigger than they did a few years ago, but their recruits are also playing a lot better. At Minneapolis there was a dazzling assortment of talents, ranging from Brock's deft ball handling to the outside gunning of Tennessee Tech's Kim Grizzle. Shooting an odd-fashioned two-handed set in a first-round game that her team eventually lost to Immaculata, Grizzle hit five 30-foot nose-bleeders and ended up with 18 points.

The semifinal games not only showed off skills of this sort, but also pitted the old order against the new. In the first of them, the two Olympians, Delta's Harris and Tennessee's Roberts, neutralized each other inside, but the rest of the tournament-wise Lady Statesmen outcooled Tennessee for a 62-58 win. In the other semi, Immaculata did not have the muscle to match LSU's Australians. Bennie, who is probably the strongest woman in

continued



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COLLEGE BASKETBALL *continued*

the college game (at one point she threw a three-quarter-court chest pass, a feat worthy of Wes Unseld), frequently ended up playing one-woman volleyball under the basket, while Gross picked off—and put in—anything that Bennie missed. By coming out on the wrong end of a 74-68 score, immaculate failed for the first time to reach the national finals.

The LSU-Delta final was tinged with a touch of chauvinism, as a large percentage of the crowd and almost all of the assembled coaches rooted for the Lady Statesmen as the last line of defense against the awesome Aussies. Whatever else they may have been defending, the players from Mississippi did a workman-like job of keeping their national championship.

Having seen enough of Bennie's strength the night before, Delta Coach Margaret Wade and her assistant, Jimmy Butler, decided to test the Australians' quickness against their agile big woman, Harris. Operating inside against both Aussies, Harris proved she was quicker than they were strong. By the half, Harris had 13 points to the Australians' none. And Bennie had three fouls; thereafter she played timidly.

In another neat bit of strategy, the Delta coaches decided to unleash their shortest scoring threat, Brock. "We hadn't gone much to Debbie for points in the first three games," said Butler. "We thought we'd keep her just a little bit hidden. But today we told her, 'If you can't work the ball into Lucy, take your shot. You've got to pop away to spread out their big front line.'"

Pop she did. Brock hit on eight of 12 field-goal attempts, six of them swishers from 20 or more feet out. With Harris continuing to score inside—she finished with 23 points—and Brock shooting so accurately, the poised Lady Statesmen never let LSU edge closer than seven points in the second half. At the end it was the same old team—Harris, Brock, Hairston, Guard Ramona Von Boeckman and Forward Cornelia Ward played the whole game en route to their third title—doing its same old thing, 68-55.

After the nets had been cut and the trophies distributed, McCool said, "I would trade Debbie Brock for only one other player in the whole world. And we already have that one—Lucy Harris."

For the moment at least, he seemed to have abandoned his Japanese travel plans.

END

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SPALDING

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To the NCAA, the networks and the Vegas odds makers, it was not an E-vent, like the basketball show in Atlanta. But for those to whom college hockey is a religion, last weekend's NCAA tournament in Detroit's Olympia was the true thing. Oh, there were no stunning upsets, just a couple of "almoss," and Wisconsin, as expected, won the championship. It was how Wisconsin won that produced the excitement.

On Friday night the Badgers rallied to defeat stubborn New Hampshire 4-3 in overtime. Then on Saturday night, playing before more spectators (14,357) than had watched the NHL's inept Red Wings in any game in the Olympia this season, Wisconsin won the title in another overtime chiller, a 6-5 defeat of Michigan. As the Badgers celebrated in the dressing rooms, Red Wings General Manager Ted Lindsay arrived to congratulate Coach Bob Johnson. Said Lindsay, "That's the best team that's been in this room all year."

A morgue during Red Wings games, the Olympia rocked with Badger vibes both nights. Dressed up like radishes with their red-and-white T-shirts and beanies, Badger fanatics made up at least half the crowd for Wisconsin's games and made all the noise. They tormented opposing goaltenders by shouting "Steve! Steve! Steve!" after every Wisconsin score. They rarely stopped chanting their fight song—"When you've said Wisconsin, you've said it all." They relieved the souvenir hawkers of all Badger paraphernalia, and they plastered the Olympia with red-and-white signs. When Wisconsin played New Hampshire, there were 58 Wisconsin banners draped about the building—and only one for New Hampshire. The Badger-niks so overwhelmed two hotels that one couple at the Sheraton-Southfield demanded accommodations elsewhere—with a guarantee that no one from Wisconsin be allowed to register there.

The naysayers anticipated all along that Wisconsin would win its first NCAA title since 1973. Boston University and New Hampshire's Eastern teams had won the NCAA's only six times in 29 years, and none had made it into the finals since 1972. Michigan? After losing to the Wolverines in the season opener back in October, Wisconsin had beaten Michigan five straight times.

Michigan opened the tournament by beating BU 6-4 but needed four cheap

Revelry in the morgue

The joint jumped when fanatical, beanieed Badger-niks replaced funeral Red Wing followers in the Detroit Olympia—and Wisconsin won two thrillers in overtime

goals and a questionable referee's call—for 100 many BU players on the ice—so do it. The following night, supposedly overmatched New Hampshire shut off Wisconsin's vaunted power play and led 3-2 with less than nine minutes to go before losing in overtime.

The tension and grind of that game no doubt took its toll on Wisconsin in the finals. "We flew for about a period," said Johnson, "then you could see us gasping for breath." What had been a safe 5-2 third-period Wisconsin lead suddenly became 3-5 and overtime—and Michigan was flying. But just 13 seconds into sudden death, Badger winger Tom Ubeth swept in for a stuff shot. It was blocked, but the rebound came out to Tri-

Captain Steve Alley who rammed it past Goaltender Rick Palmer. "Great teams know how to win games like these," said Johnson, "and this is a great team."

Although Wisconsin was coming off a dismal 12-24-2 season, the Badger players thought back in October that they had a good chance to win the national championship. Last season Johnson took a sabbatical to coach the U.S. Olympic team. Alley and star Defenseman John Taft had joined him, leaving the Badgers bereft of their main men. In addition, Mark Johnson, the coach's son, was still a high school hotshot. They all joined forces on campus this season, during which sophomore Goaltender Julian Baretta became an All-America. This,

continued



Tri-Captain Steve Alley (left) does the alley-oop after his shot wins the NCAA title for the Badgers.

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COLLEGE HOCKEY *continued*

hockey fans, is the same Julian Baretta who gets to his net each period by skating backward through a lineup of his teammates, and sings *Penny Lane* when the puck is at the other end of the ice.

Young Johnson played center on Wisconsin's second line and scored 36 goals, joining nine other forwards in double figures. Moreover, he became a key figure in the destructive power play that helped the Badgers to a 37-7-1 season.

New Hampshire, in fact, was the first Wisconsin opponent to survive four straight power plays without yielding a goal. In 45 games, Wisconsin had scored 93 power-play goals, converting 40% of its opportunities. Remarkably, everyone on the power-play unit was born in the U.S. Up front, Johnson had Alley, a native of Anoka, Minn., who had 31 goals at left wing; Mike Eaves, a Denver-born center, who had 81 points; and Mark Johnson, who played at the top of the right face-off circle. Back at the points were Taft and Craig Norwich.

"We just seem to be a perfect combination," says Norwich, a junior from Edina, Minn. He is the best rushing defenseman in college hockey, a strong-skating, gambling stickhandler who had 18 goals and 65 assists. Where Norwich is smallish (5' 11", 170) and flashy, Taft, born in Minneapolis, is rangy (6' 1", 185) and consistent. Taft has spent his last five years playing for Johnson, including the year he spent as the captain of the Olympic team. Norwich and Taft played against each other in high school, and while they have contrasting styles, they both do one thing exceptionally well—pass the puck. "Since what we do on the power play is basically what a quarterback does, our power play is built around our ability to move the puck," says Norwich. "And we're such good friends and have such tremendous communication, we just seem to work perfectly together. It's too bad we won't be able to play together forever."

After being shut out by New Hampshire's penalty killers, the Wisconsin power play communicated well enough to score on two of its four opportunities against Michigan.

Taft's next team may well be the Detroit Red Wings, who drafted him three years ago. "Until Lindsay took over the Red Wings, no one had even talked to me," says Taft. What Lindsay ought to do, considering Detroit's plight, is talk to all the Badgers.

END

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A toddling team on a rampage

The Bulls are making a late charge to the playoffs and Chicago's in an uproar

Another cow could kick over another lantern. Frank Sinatra could announce that he's running for mayor. Whatever, Chicago has something more important on its mind. From the steel mills to the Gold Coast to Herm's Hot Dog Palace on Dempster Street, the Windy City is in the grip of Bulls playoff fever.

Launched at in November as just another mismanaged 2-13 team with a stooge for a coach and a hothead for a center, and written out of the playoffs as recently as the end of February, the Bulls now are rampaging right through the NBA. Last week, before three successive packed houses at "The Miracle Madhouse on Madison Street"—also known as Chicago Stadium—the Bulls walloped the Lakers, the Knicks and the Cavaliers for their 13th, 14th and 15th victories in 16 games. Meanwhile, the Kansas City Kings tripped three times on the road, giving the Bulls, however tentatively, occupancy of the Western Conference's final playoff berth. That man you see walking in the clouds is rookie Coach Ed Badger. "I read I was gone so many times early in the season," he says, "that if I had a lease I couldn't have gotten it renewed. Now my wife thinks I'm Coach of the Year. I told her Jerry West has the Hollywood vote."

When a disgusted Dick Motta quit as Chicago coach at the end of last season, the Bulls were a tail-end, 24-58 pile of rubble. Hopes for a Phoenix-like rise flared briefly when the college draft yielded 6'7" Forward Scott May from



At rest and at peace, Norm Van Lier gets a rescuing free from a lakefront fan

Indiana, and the ABA dispersal draft delivered 7'2" Artes Gilmore. But in short order both May and reserve Forward Jack Marin succumbed to mononucleosis. Guard Jerry Sloan could not make it back from knee surgery and Captain Norm Van Lier found himself in a backcourt with a bunch of virtual nonentities: Tom Kropp, John Laskowski and rookie Keith Starr. The Bulls didn't have a shooter who could drop a ball into Lake Michigan. Opposing defenses collapsed on Gilmore and Forward Mickey Johnson.

The Bulls ran, as Badger had promised they would. They ran off a 13-game losing streak. The blame devolved on Badger, because he was the coach, and on Gilmore, the savior. Some gentlemen of the press demanded that Gilmore be traded. "Didn't Walt Chamberlain used to say, 'Nobody loved Goliath'?" asked Gilmore. "I can't do it by myself. What do they expect of me?"

Help began to arrive a little at a time. The guard problem eased when the Bulls bought John Mengelt from Detroit and signed 6'7" Wilbur Holland, who had called

Badger's assistant coach, Gene Tormohlen, and begged for a tryout after being cut by Atlanta. Tormohlen had drafted Holland for the Hawks and he told Badger, "If he can't play, I'll pay his salary." Within a month Holland was a starter. May returned to the lineup in November and, after groin surgery following his mono, Marin was back in January.

Sloan could not bear to stay away altogether, so he hung around as an informal assistant coach—he later officially joined the staff—teaching the young Bulls the kind of defense that had caused his old teammates to call him "Gestapo" in practice.

"Jerry really turned it around," says Van Lier. "He came in and said, 'Let's play some defense and then do the other thing.' He'd stop practice and get on guys. I know. I played with the man. We were the best defensive-guard combination in the history of the NBA."

After repairing the defense, which, true to Chicago custom, is the stangiest in the league, the Bulls honed the offense: they began to run more plays for Gilmore where he wants the ball—on the

continued

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PRO BASKETBALL *continued*

right side of the lane so he can take his left-handed hook, or fake the middle and drive for the dunk; they set screens for May to get him open for his baseline jumpers; they got Johnson inside for offensive rebounding and dish-offs from Gilmore; they let "Dr. Junk" Holland fire his odd lefty heaves from the outside. Reserve Center Tom Boerwinkle got the ball to the hot hand, usually Marin, and Mengelt spelled Van Lier as the playmaker or Holland as the shooter.

The revamped Bulls opened in Chicago on Washington's Birthday, at which point their record stood at 24-34. Golden State was the first victim, 118-102. Gilmore exploded for 24 points and 15 rebounds; Johnson, May and Holland scored 19 each and Van Lier had 15 assists. Next the Bulls beat Atlanta 96-87. Then the miracle moved out of town, where the Bulls had been 5-25. Lue in a narrow game at Cleveland, Gilmore blocked a shot, threw the outlet to Holland, filled the lane and ended the break with a shattering dunk. Chicago won by six. "That was the game," says Van Lier. "That made us cocky enough to think we were good."

Five more road wins followed. The Bulls had Los Angeles, the NBA's best home-court team, down by 36 in the fourth quarter; they embarrassed Golden State, Phoenix and Detroit, and won at Philadelphia. Van Lier put it to the rest of the Bulls: "There is nobody, no-body, in this league we can't play with. We better get our butts into the playoffs."

Finally free of Motta, with whom he was constantly at odds, and at peace and in love with Chicago, Van Lier has curbed the legendary temper that made him the perennial NBA leader in technicals and, among other episodes, got him suspended for knocking down referee Darell Garretson and fined \$1,000 for chasing Sidney Wicks off the floor with a chair. Even so, in the biggest game of the streak—against Kansas City, which was on a tear of its own and still 3½ games up on the Bulls—Van Lier got so hyped he lost his cool and was ejected after nine minutes of play, with the Bulls down by seven. The 18,129 home fans gave him a standing ovation.

"I couldn't believe it," he said. "I looked at the crowd and thought, wow, I can't do anything for you tonight, but I'm sure going to get you into the playoffs. I was so up, I walked around the stadium for 20 minutes, still in uniform. I

continued

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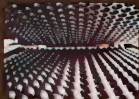


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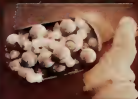
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PRO BASKETBALL *continued*

listened to the second half on the radio. You should have seen me, calling plays, taking imaginary jumpers. Acting like a kid, and I'll be 30 next week."

The game went to the wire, with Gilmore tipping in the winning basket in the last second to enable Chicago to win 114-112. The next night the Bulls beat Seattle—the other team fighting for the last playoff berth and a half game up on the Bulls at the time.

"It's a perfect situation," says Boerwinkle. "It was a while before all our people were here and healthy. Then we had to adjust. For 10 years this team was oriented toward a non-shooting, non-running center—me. Then we got Artis and put him with 11 guys he'd never even seen before. Now he's playing better than any center in the league. Earlier, teams could stop us by stopping him. Now we can go anywhere for our offense."

Aside from Gilmore and Johnson, who has quietly become a first-rate offensive rebounder and scorer (17.5 points a game), the difference in the offense has been May. While he was bedridden with mono his weight dropped below 200 pounds for the first time since junior high. Just about the time the Bulls started winning, he regained his full strength.

"People ask me two questions," says May. "Do I want to be Rookie of the Year? And do I miss the NCAA tournament? Well if I had to choose between Rookie of the Year and making the playoffs my first year, I'd take the playoffs. And look at our crowds. I don't miss the NCAs. I've got them."

"Everyone on this club has accepted a certain role," says Marin, "and we're operating at peak efficiency. Maybe we're a bit like the Golden State team that came from nowhere and won the championship two years ago. I don't see any club making better use of its personnel, and I haven't seen one get along better since my first years in Baltimore. And we don't have a head case on the club."

"We don't know satisfaction," says Van Lier. "We keep pushing and pushing. That's what keeps me young."

"They are awesome," says Johnny Kerr, the original Bulls coach and now the team's radio and TV color man. "They remind me of professional hitmen. They come in, put down their bags, get dressed, go out and kill people."

"We didn't use to kill people," says Johnson. "Now we pick 'em apart. They know they're beat."

There was certainly no doubt in the minds of the Lakers and Knicks last week. In the 102-86 win over the Lakers—played before 21,046, the largest Bulls crowd ever—Holland, May and Gilmore stole the ball from Lucius Allen, Don Chaney and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar on the Lakers' first three possessions in the first minute of the game, all resulting in fast-break baskets. In the next five minutes, Van Lier controlled a jump ball with Abdul-Jabbar after diving at his feet for a loose ball, and Kareem sat down with three fouls, having failed to stop Gilmore. May scored 18 points and held Cazzie Russell to eight. Holland scored 24 and had six steals. Gilmore and Johnson out-rebounded the Laker big men, 28-21.

After a shoddy first half against the Knicks, the Bulls led 53-48 in the third quarter. They called a time-out and Badger ordered a "get" play, which means, says Van Lier, "Everyone gets moving." The Bulls got moving, outscored the Knicks 22-4 over the next six minutes and blew out the New Yorkers 105-87. Gilmore: 21 points, 21 rebounds, nine blocked shots. Holland: 20 points, six steals. Van Lier: 16 points. May: 17 points. Johnson: 10 rebounds. Mengelt, Maran, Boerwinkle, and Forwards Phil Hicks and Cliff Pendergast all filled their roles perfectly.

"They remind me of a team I once played on," said the Knicks' Phil Jackson after the game.

Outside the stadium, a bouquet of roses had been placed on the windshield of Van Lier's Jaguar. An hour and a half after the game he was fighting his way through a horde of fans to get to the car. "I love these people," he says. "It was no secret that I didn't get along with Dick Motta. When I got suspended, Motta didn't back me up, the fans did. I got fined \$1,000, and the fans paid it. I belong to Chicago. That's why I'll do anything it takes to win. And while we're winning, I think about all the Bulls that aren't playing now—Jerry, Chet Walker, Matt Guokas. As long as I'm playing, a part of them will be out there too, because they're all a part of me. Including Dick Motta. And, it's corny, I know, but I wish the may-or were here for this, too."

Indeed one can almost hear the late Richard Daley urging the Bulls on to greater heights as he once did all Chicagoans: "Together we must rise to ever higher and higher plateaus."

END



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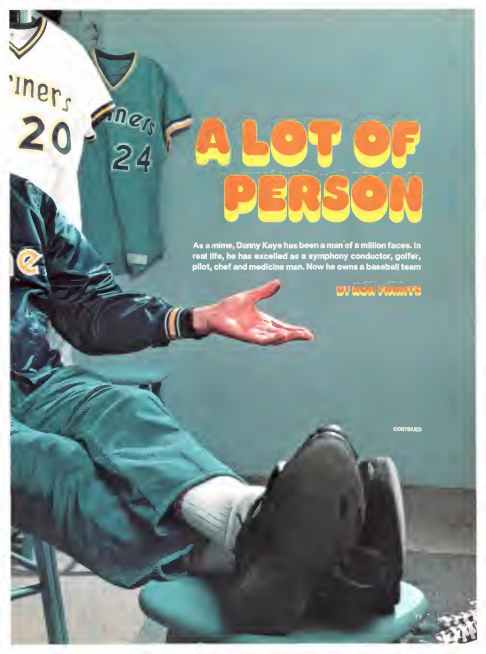


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A photograph of a person, likely Danny Kaye, sitting on a green stool. They are wearing a dark green Pittsburgh Pirates uniform with the number 24. Their right hand is extended forward, palm up. In the background, another green Pirates uniform with the number 20 is hanging on a wall. The title "A LOT OF PERSON" is overlaid in large, stylized orange and yellow letters.

A LOT OF PERSON

As a mime, Danny Kaye has been a man of a million faces. In real life, he has excelled as a symphony conductor, golfer, pilot, chef and medicine man. Now he owns a baseball team

BY DON DEWITT

CONTINUED

DANNY KAYE

continued

Danny Kaye hummed a Strauss waltz as he swung a fungo bat—*da-dum-da-da-dum, swish-swoosh, swish-swoosh*—in the cramped clubhouse at the Seattle Mariners' spring training camp in Tempe, Ariz. His audience of players, coaches and locker-room functionaries stood just out of range, backs safely to the walls, as he swung and hummed and lectured on the dynamics of the level swing, on the virtues of just meeting the ball.

"Power is not good in itself, unless it is used to manufacture speed," Kaye advised his listeners, among them Seattle Coach Vada Pinson, who accumulated 2,757 hits and 256 home runs in 18 major league seasons. "The simple things in life are the most difficult to do. I remember playing golf with Kirk Douglas once." Here Kaye instantly transformed his slender self into a burly and grimacing Douglas, arms held out from the body to accommodate protruding *latissimus dorsi*. "Kirk would take that big muscular swing and go *oomph, swish-oomph!* I'd take my easy swing like this—*swish-swoosh*—and outdrive him by 15 yards on every hole. I could see it was sending him over the side. Finally, he couldn't take it any longer. 'Listen, you redheaded s.o.b.," he shouted, 'I'm bigger than you are and stronger than you are and younger than you are, and I swing harder than you can. So how come you hit the damn ball farther?'"

Kaye became Kaye again, smiled contentedly, took another easy cut with the fungo and said, "Well, in trying to muscle up on every swing, he was only interfering with the speed of the club." Then Kaye demonstrated how the extra effort interrupted the flow of the downswing. "He was working against himself. I was using what power I had to manufacture speed. The simple things in life are the most difficult to do." *Da-dum-da-da-dum, swish-swoosh, swish-swoosh...*

The Seattle players and coaches, all of whom know much more about swinging a baseball bat than a comedian does, listened attentively, nodding gravely in agreement, as if the simple truths imparted by Kaye were as unfamiliar to them as Hegelian dialectic. Of course, they were more or less obliged to mind their lessons, because the lecturer was their employer, one of the two managing general partners of the new American League franchise, and they knew full well that many careers have been truncated by inattentiveness





Kaye is often an athletic actor. A sampler of Danny's dandies (clockwise from top left): *The Court Jester*, *The Inspector General*, *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*, *Up in Arms*, *The Man from the Diner's Club*, *Wonder Man*, *On the Riviera*

on such occasions. Then, too, Kaye is a famous entertainer, and free performances, however brief, by celebrities of his stature are not easily come by. Furthermore, the players and coaches were still trying to take the measure of this unusual man, so unlike them and yet so involved with them. Beyond all that, Kaye is a spellbinder, a man of such commanding presence and an anecdotist and mime of such uncanny skill that even a discourse on the paving of highways might prove riveting. Beyond even that, Kaye has accomplished so much in so many diverse fields that to ignore what he has to say on anything would be rampant foolishness. He already knows a lot about baseball and, if he should dedicate himself to this pastime with anything approaching the energy and tenacity he has applied to more complicated disciplines, the game and those in it would be the richer for his counsel.

Kaye is celebrated as an entertainer, singer, dancer, master of double talk and dialect and star of such exceptional motion pictures as *Up in Arms*, *The Kid from Brooklyn* and *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*. By his own choice, his public appearances have been increasingly rare of late, although he protests that he is not retired but is merely aware that "I've done all that, been there before." He was most recently seen on national television last December as Captain Hook to Mar Farrow's Peter Pan, and he continues to function as a globe-trotting goodwill ambassador for UNICEF, for which he has raised many millions of dollars.

What is less well known about Kaye is that he is a conductor of symphony orchestras who, though he can neither read music nor play an instrument, has been acclaimed by such maestros as Dimitri Mitropoulos, Charles Munch, Zubin Mehta and Seiji Ozawa. He is a renowned chef, the only American amateur to receive "Les Meilleurs Ouvriers de France," the top French culinary award. Only a handful of chefs in the world have been so honored. He is a pilot skilled enough to fly every plane in the sky, including the immense 747, and durable enough to have flown (on behalf of UNICEF) a private jet to 65 cities in 4½ days. Though Kaye's formal education stopped short of graduation from Brooklyn's Thomas Jefferson High School, his lifelong interest in medicine has made him an extraordinarily well-informed layman who can comfortably discuss surgical tech-

continued

DANNY KAYE

continued

nique in the company of such distinguished physicians as his friend Dr. Michael DeBakey, the Houston heart surgeon. And now Kaye has a baseball team.

Kaye brings to each of these fields what his wife Sylvia describes as "very superior equipment, an acuteness of perception that is staggering, an ability to absorb from his eyes, ears and senses that is incredible." He has, she says, "a brain like a blotter." Says Mrs. Olive Behrendt, Kaye's friend and chairman of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Association, "There is nothing that Danny loves to do that he does not do as well or better than anyone in the world." Adds Vin Scully, another of Kaye's friends and the voice of the Dodgers, "Danny is a lot of person. He is a group photo."

Kaye's experiences with golf, a game he eschewed until he was more than 40 years old, illustrate his capacity for total immersion in whatever commands his interest. One day Abe Lastfogel, board chairman of the William Morris Agency, invited Kaye to the Hillcrest Country Club in Beverly Hills. "Have you ever played golf?" Lastfogel innocently inquired. Kaye replied with derision. Golf, he said, was an old man's game. And it made no sense. Striking a ball, then walking after it to strike it anew, seemed an unparalleled exercise in futility. Lastfogel persisted. He set a ball on a tee, handed Kaye one of his clubs and urged him to take a swing at it. Kaye obliged by blasting the ball 200 yards down the middle of the fairway. "See, I told you," Kaye snorted. "It's a silly game." Lastfogel was undaunted. He set another ball on the tee and bid Kaye have another swing. This time the ball ascended many feet into the air and descended only a few yards from where Kaye stood. Kaye tried again: a dribbler off to the side. And again, a slice into the trees. Concluding that there was more to this golf than met the eye, Kaye hurried to the clubhouse, bought a set of clubs and hired the club professional to give him lessons.

For the next five weeks, Kaye never left the practice tee. "I took a lesson every day," he says. "The first time I played a round, I broke 100. By the end of that year, I broke 90. A year later, I broke 80." He became a five-handicap player, and on one memorable day, he nearly broke 70. "I needed only a three-foot putt to do it on the 18th green," Kaye says. "I missed it. I can't explain how, but I missed it. The next day I was ready for another shot at breaking 70. I felt marvelous. It was a perfect day. Everything was right. I shot an 86." Kaye virtually abandoned golf in the 1960s, but not because of the frustrations inherent in the game. "I had been playing about four, five times a week," he says. "Then I took on a television show and found that I was lucky to get to the course once a week. That did it. I'm not crazy about doing anything badly, so I gave it up."

Kaye's affection for baseball is much more unyielding. He has been an ardent fan since the '20s, when as Daniel David Kaminisky, the son of an immigrant tailor, he started going to Ebbets Field. The ball park then represented the limit of his horizons. "When we had to go to the Polo Grounds, it was like a safari into darkest Africa," Kaye says. "Who knew where Yankee Stadium was? Dizzy Vance, Van Lingle Mungo, Burleigh Grimes—they were my heroes. I'd save nickels and dimes for a seat in the bleach-

ers. The Dodgers were everything to me in those days."

Not quite everything. Kaye quit school, tried any number of jobs that interested him not in the least and finally caught on as a rummel (a clown; literally, a creator of tumult) on the Borscht Circus in the Canskills. His horizons were considerably broadened in the mid-'30s when he signed on with a troupe that toured the Orient, where he polished his gift for pantomime and developed his taste for Chinese cuisine. Back in New York, Kaye built a minor reputation as an entertainer that became major when he nearly stole the show from Gertrude Lawrence in the 1941 Kurt Weill-Ira Gershwin-Moss Hart musical, *Lady in the Dark*.

A year earlier, on Jan. 3, 1940, Kaye had married Sylvia Fine, a talented pianist, composer and lyricist, who became his collaborator on much of the material he used on the stage and screen. Kaye was hardly the renaissance man when Sylvia first met him. "I asked him if he read the newspapers," she recalls. "Sure," he said, "the sports pages." I don't think he knew how many political parties there were. I married the man, and before I knew it, Leo Durocher was my most intimate friend."

Kaye signed with Samuel Goldwyn in 1942, moved to Hollywood and completed his first film, *Up in Arms*, two years later. By the time his revered Dodgers rejoined him on the West Coast in 1958, he was a star of international rank, both for his movie comedy and for the one-man shows he performed all over the world. The love affair between the Kid from Brooklyn and the team from Brooklyn was quickly rekindled.

"I first met Danny at the L.A. Coliseum, where we were playing in those days," Vin Scully recalls. "He would be up in the broadcast booth, pacing back and forth, muttering to himself, totally involved in the game. He is a knowledgeable fan and just about the most unforgettable character I've ever met. Danny is not a comic—he's a mime and an actor. He'll stir conversation, get people from all walks of life—the theater, classical music, sports, aviation—to tell their own stories. The funny thing is, when I was a kid in New York, I had a Danny Kaye impersonation. I'd do his 'Anatole of Paris' routine. He loved it when I told him. Once, when he was performing in New York and we were playing the Mets there, he got my parents into his sold-out show by putting them in overstuffed chairs in the wings. Danny would do a bit, then turn to the wings and ask, 'How'm I doin', Bridget?' That's my mother's name. He kept referring to her all night. He owned that audience, of course, so at the end of the show he had everyone sing, 'Happy birthday, dear Bridget.' Well, here was this little red-haired Irish lady sitting in the big chair backstage just beaming—even though it wasn't her birthday."

Kaye's several lives are not without twists of irony. That he, a man who regularly fulfills his dreams, should have played Walter Mitty, who fulfilled none of his, is indisputably one. That a true-blue Dodger fan should find himself an owner of an expansion team in the American League qualifies as another. Kaye had long wanted to buy into the National League, but for one reason or another, he never realized that ambition. Last year he and his business partner,

continued

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Source: National Average N.A.D.A. Used Car Guide

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DANNY KAYE

continued

Les Smith, were in the bidding for the San Francisco Giants before a surge of civic pride prevented that team from moving. It had been the partners' intention to relocate the club in Seattle, where they own two radio stations and where Smith, as quiet a man as Kaye is turbulent, resides. So when the American League voted in February 1976 to expand to that city, Kaye and Smith were at the ready. At Smith's insistence, they included as co-owners four local businessmen: Stanley Golub, Walter Schoenfeld, James Stillwell and James A. Walsh.

Kaye is the only non-Seattle resident in the group, but Smith, who recently moved into a new house, has had his kitchen redone to accommodate his friend, the peripatetic gourmet. As co-managing general partners, Smith and Kaye have separate responsibilities. Smith and General Manager Dick Vertlieb handle the business end, and Kaye and Director of Baseball Operations Lou Gorman run the baseball side. "Danny loves it," says Gorman. "He's curious about every aspect of the game—the mechanics, the fundamentals, the philosophy. He's spent hour upon hour analyzing personnel. He has a feel for this business."

As might be expected, Kaye was with the team from the first day of spring training, preparing to act as host, tour guide and cheerleader for his fellow owners when they arrived for the Mariners' historic first game, a March 10 exhibition with the Oakland A's in Tempe. He was everywhere in the little stadium, sloppy beach hat over tousled strawberry-blond hair, pipe protruding from elastic face. For the Mariners' debut, he wore a yellow neckerchief, a bright blue Mariners warmup jacket, yellow corduroys and the laceless, ventilated Murray's Space Shoes he has specially made for him in New York. Kaye was once on the best-dressed lists, but for the past decade or so he has affected what might charitably be described as the casual look. The shoes, generally worn with highly visible white socks, set the sartorial pace, resembling as they do the bandaged feet of Napoleon's army during its retreat from Moscow. Kaye has been made well aware that his feet are eye-catching. He describes with relish a Papal audience during which he observed that the Pontiff was staring with great interest at his Space Shoes. Then, nodding in what Kaye interpreted as approval, His Holiness extended one of his own shoes from beneath his cassock. It was, Kaye gleefully noticed, bright red.

Casually arrayed and eccentrically shod, Kaye stood behind the cage, seeming to supervise his team's batting practice. He was pleased to learn his suggestion that infielder José Baez choke up a little had met with approval. Another of his proposals—that Centerfielder Luis Delgado be shifted to shortstop—had been received less enthusiastically by Manager Darrell Johnson. Delgado, as Kaye had advised, is nimble of foot and quick of hand, requisite attributes for a shortstop. He is also left-handed. Undismayed by his manager's unwillingness to break tradition, Kaye turned to Johnson and commented dryly, "We must find a school that can teach Luis to throw right-handed."

"Trow da coive," he shouted in impeccable Brooklynese at Coach Wes Stock, who was pitching batting practice.

Stock laughed instead. Inquiring of Johnson what signs were to be used in the game, Kaye found himself slipping into an impersonation of Frank Howard, the former Dodger and Washington Senators slugger, searching myopically for a sign. He expanded himself to an approximation of Howard's 6' 7", standing on tiptoe with his arms once again bulging out from his sides. A look of woeful incomprehension swept over Kaye's countenance. Johnson, whose features are as immobile as Kaye's are expressive, dissolved in laughter. Kaye had not only looked like Howard, but he had also looked like a ballplayer.

Kaye can be anyone. It is a devastating gift. As Walter Kerr wrote of Charlie Chaplin in his book *The Silent Clowns*: "The moment he wishes to become a boxer, he becomes an extraordinarily deft one. The moment he wishes to put on roller skates, he becomes Nijinsky on wheels. The moment he wishes to become a rich man, he becomes a rich man, though when he does, he tends to drink. If he wishes to marry, he marries, takes his children on outings, if he wishes to rescue a woman from a burning building, his skill and bravery are unexampled; if he wishes to walk a high-wire, he walks a high-wire superbly; if he wishes to set a table for dinner, he sets it with Cordon Bleu finesse..." Every word of that could just as easily have been written about Kaye.

"Mimics will do famous entertainers," says Sylvia Kaye. "Danny will do writers, doctors, anyone. He selects the essential characteristics. He can watch somebody walk down the street and immediately walk like that person."

In the ceremonies preceding the Mariners' first game, Kaye responded to his introduction with an impersonation of a manager assessing his team for the press. Dropping his voice to a grumble, he told the crowd, "All I can say to you is that we've improved our ball club over last year. We've improved in a couple of positions, and if we can stay healthy, avoid injuries to key men, we'll be competitive. I'm not saying we'll win it all, mind you, but we're definitely a contender." He staggered back toward his box seat under the seemingly intolerable weight of several plaques proffered him by Tempe city officials. "Darrell," he called out to Johnson, "maybe we should stock some champagne for the victory celebration."

To do so would have constituted wretched excess, because the Mariners fell behind 12-0 in the first five innings. They rallied bravely, but succumbed 16-10 in a game to be remembered only because it was a first. Kaye retreated early to the shade of the press box. His fair complexion is sensitive to the sun, and at age 64 he is vulnerable to skin cancer. While others watched in shirt sleeves, Kaye was shrouded like a sherk.

From the press box, he chastised those who departed the debacle before its conclusion. "Are you deserting a sinking ship?" he inquired of one cluster of defectors in the voice of Charles Laughton. "Why, we have the best-looking team in baseball. Not the best team, but the best-looking."

He was intercepted on his way to the team offices by a teen-age boy. "Will you sign this?" the boy asked, thrusting a program into Kaye's hands. "Will you sign this, what?"

continued

DANNY KAYE

continued

Kaye replied "Will you sign this, please?" the boy said, catching on. Kaye scribbled his signature and returned the program. He laughed, recalling, as he strode purposefully ahead, a similar incident years ago "Once in New York a boy about that age came up to me after a show and asked for an autograph that way. I said to him, 'What's happening to kids in New York City? Have they all forgotten how to say please?' The boy looked as if he were off the hook. 'I live on Long Island,' he said."

Kaye plopped down into a chair in the office of Manner public-relations man Hal Childs. He slumps so when he sits that he seems diminished. It is almost as if he is hiding. As he sat there, his eyes grew furtive, and with his head barely peeking above the edge of the desk, he looked like an arch conspirator. It is difficult at times like these to regard Kaye as a serious man, which he is. Not solemn or self-important like so many comedians, but serious. Kaye's comedy springs naturally from him; he is rarely, if ever, "on" as other entertainers often are when they mingle with the public. His sense of the absurd simply overpowers him from time to time.

"A lot of people use the word 'pro' carelessly," he said, sucking on his pipe, "just as a lot of people misuse the words 'genius' and 'intellectual.' To determine if someone's a real pro, you must see the conditions under which he's working. Take a concert artist. He comes to a performance well rested. The acoustics and lighting are first-rate. He's had a good flight to the city where he is performing. There is nothing in his personal life interfering with his concentration. So he gives a good performance. But how good will he be when he has eaten bad restaurant food, been on an airplane all night, had personal problems weighing on him, gotten a bad hotel room? If he can perform under these circumstances, he's a pro. It's the same in baseball—there are many parallels between the two professions. When a pitcher goes out knowing he doesn't have his overpowering fastball, when he doesn't have good support, when his team is not hitting, but he still uses what he has to best advantage, then he, too, is a pro.

"There are standards you set for yourself, some of them pretty unrealistic, so that nobody has to say to you, 'That was a good performance.' You'll know better than anyone I've had people come rushing backstage to congratulate me on a great show. I know it hasn't been great. It's just that I've been professional enough to get by with what I had to work with.

"Take pressure. It's the same in my business as in baseball. There are performers who are great in rehearsal, just as there are players who are great at taking infield or batting practice. Zing, they'll make all the plays, hit drives all over the park. But when that curtain goes up—oops!—there's an audience out there." Kaye becomes a child cowering from something large and threatening.

Kaye as himself is not much for covering. Twenty-two years ago he agreed, strictly for laughs, to conduct the Philadelphia Symphony in a couple of simple pieces before his own show went on in the theater next door. It was another *Mitty* dream realized, the chance to stand before a major orchestra and experience "the greatest neurotic power in the

world." The brief performance, which included nothing more complex than *The Stars and Stripes Forever*, was a surprising success. Kaye's comedy had obscured the fact that, even with an elementary repertoire, he had done unusually well as a conductor. Serious music, like medicine and baseball, had long been one of his obsessions.

A few weeks later, Harry Ellis Dickson, a violinist with the Boston Symphony and assistant conductor of the Boston Pops, spotted Kaye backstage after a performance. Aware of Kaye's success in Philadelphia, Dickson asked him if he would be willing to conduct the Boston Symphony in a benefit program for the musicians' pension fund. Flattered by the proposal, Kaye said he was interested, so Dickson introduced him to the orchestra's conductor, Charles Munch. It was agreed that Kaye should conduct a concert in three weeks. This time, much to Kaye's surprise, it would be a full concert.

"You've got me in trouble," Kaye told Dickson after talking with Munch. "I've never conducted more than three minutes in my life. You've got to help me." Dickson produced a stack of records, and for the next three weeks, with Dickson serving as technical adviser, Kaye set about memorizing the pieces, part by part, measure by measure. It was an awesome undertaking, even for one with Kaye's remarkable ear. But when the curtain went up, Kaye was there, and his two-hour performance that night, says Dickson, was virtually flawless. Kaye has since conducted nearly every important symphony orchestra in this country and many abroad and has raised more than \$5 million for musicians' pension funds. He has yet to accept a fee.

The act is meant to be funny. As batters once did in the on-deck circle, Kaye will take practice swings with perhaps 20 batons before arriving at the one of the right weight. Then he will mount the podium, only to wander off, while the orchestra is playing, to woo the harpist or cashier the concertmaster. He will conduct *The Flight of the Bumblebee* with a fly swatter, or face the audience while conducting, on the theory that the customers never get to see anything of the conductor except the back of his head and ears. It is all a deceit, because the quality of the music never suffers.

"Danny has an authority and a dignity through it all," says the Los Angeles Symphony's Mrs. Behrendt. "When he raps for attention, the orchestra knows. I'm talking very seriously when I say that people like Rubinstein and Piatigorsky consider Danny their peer."

Some years ago at a party following a Kaye appearance with the New York Philharmonic, Dimitri Mitropoulos, then that orchestra's conductor, approached Kaye ominously. "What I saw out there was not funny," he snapped. Kaye was flustered and angry at the unexpected criticism. "No, it was not funny," Mitropoulos said so that others could hear. "Here is a man who is not musically trained, who cannot even read music, and he gets more out of my orchestra than I ever have. What a waste of talent."

Waste is hardly the word. Diffusion is more like it. Doctors wonder why Kaye did not pursue medicine. "Danny has had no medical training," says Dr. DeBakey, president

continued



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DANNY KAYE

continued

of the Baylor University College of Medicine. "but he knows his way around an operating room and he knows all the lingo. He's so intelligent he picks up immediately what he's observed."

In fact, Kaye wanted to be a doctor. "I have a strange philosophy," he says. "A person becomes what he has to become, not what he wants to become. I always wanted to be a doctor, but there was something pushing inside me and I became what I am."

There seems little question that he could also have become one of the greatest chefs, if he is not one already. "He is a cock who is not to be believed," says James A. Nassikas, president of the Stanford Court Hotel in San Francisco, where Kaye frequently stays. "He has a remarkable sensitivity toward taste. He has mastered all of the regional Chinese cuisines, and he is also skilled in Italian and French dishes. He makes all his own pasta and sausages."

It was Nassikas' good fortune last May to experience what amounts to a quintessential Kaye day. "Danny probably got up at about 5:30 or 6 to help out in our kitchen," Nassikas says. "On this particular day, Margot Fonteyn was a guest in the hotel. She, need I say, is an old friend of Danny's. He insisted on dressing up as a room-service waiter and delivering a bottle of champagne to her room. I followed him up. He rapped on the door, looking exactly right, towel over the arm and all. When she answered, there were howls of delight. We sat down and had some champagne, and he talked ballet with her for about an hour. His knowledge, his insights, seemed to me remarkable."

"Now, James Beard, the cookbook author, was also a guest, staying in a room just down the hall. Danny insisted on seeing him, too. Beard was visiting with Helen Kan, the widow of Johnny Kan, whose Chinese restaurant here is a big favorite of Danny's. There were again howls of delight as we entered this room. This time the subject became food, and that discussion went on for another hour or so. Danny held Beard spellbound."

"After that Danny said to me, 'Let's go to the ball game.' We drove across the Bay to the Oakland Coliseum, where the A's were playing, I believe, Minnesota. Danny rapped on the door to the A's clubhouse. A big fellow answered who obviously didn't know who Danny was. 'I'm from TIME magazine,' Danny said with great authority. 'You tell Chuck Tanner to get out here now.' Tanner, the A's manager then, showed up looking angry—until he saw Danny. There was yelling and backslapping. Danny and Tanner talked baseball right up until game time. It was a whole new world. Then Danny broadcast a few innings of play-by-play. I was amazed at the tremendous amount of baseball lore he had stored up. When he finished broadcasting, he turned to me and said, 'Let's go to the symphony.' So we did, catching part of the performance. Afterward, Danny hurried backstage to see Seiji Ozawa [then conductor of the San Francisco Symphony]. He immediately told him that one of his violinists was not up to snuff. Ozawa laughed, and they sat down and talked for two hours about music. I've got to tell you, it was an incredible experience, from ballet to food to baseball to the symphony all in one day."

All of these people from all of these different fields consider Kaye to be either "my best friend" or "one of my very closest friends." Kaye may be a friend to many, but at the same time he is, by his own definition, "a very public person and a very private man." And an elusive one. As Kerr wrote of Chaplin, "... the man who cins, with a flick of a finger or the blink of an eyelash, instantly transform himself into absolutely anyone is a man who must, in his heart, remain no one."

Sylvia Fine Kaye is small and dark, a perfect contrast to her husband's angular fairness. She is scholarly; he, intuitive. She circles a subject warily, trying to get a fix on it, he plunges in head-first.

"I don't know anyone who knows Danny," she said, sitting primly in the Beverly Hills house the Kayses have occupied since 1949. "I think I know him better than anyone, but our daughter, Dena, also thinks that. People get through one or two layers of Danny and think that is all there is, but he is an extremely complicated person. In many ways, I am his best friend. Still, it takes an enormous tolerance on both of our parts to give each other space. Danny the performer is quite different from Danny the husband and father. Altogether there are five or seven Dannels. I do know that when he's home and happy the whole house lights up, and when he is depressed, so is the house. You may like Danny or not, but you cannot ignore him."

Kaye sat in the Mariners' little clubhouse debating with Coach Jim Busby the relative merits of Bob Feller's and Sandy Koufax' curveballs. The unsophisticated fan might argue about their fastballs, but these experts were well beyond that. Busby is pleased that his boss is in the same conversational ball park. "Feller had a real hook," said the coach, twisting his hand to illustrate how the old Cleveland fireballer could break one off. Busby's Texas accent delights Kaye, who, naturally, has it down pretty well. "It was the curve," said Kaye, persisting in his defense of the old Dodger, "that made Koufax' fastball so effective. He had those long fingers that could be wrapped right around the ball, and he had those supple wrists." He was into a pitching motion in the coach's cubicle when he espied a boy of about four sauntering into the clubhouse. Kaye cannot resist children. He stepped off the imaginary mound and slouched over to the youngster, who looked apprehensive.

The boy laughed nervously. Kaye laughed nervously. The boy scrunched up his tiny face. Kaye scrunched up his. Every scrunched, every gesture the child made. Kaye duplicated. Finally, the boy stopped making faces. He cocked his head to one side like an inquisitive puppy and looked up at Kaye as if to say, "Never have I seen such a man." Kaye cocked his head in perfect imitation. They stood there in tableau, framed in a doorway, two restless children, one four, the other 64, frozen to the spot.

It may have been the little boy who snuckered first, but Kaye was close behind. Their laughter, unaffected, infectious, filled the small room. The players, hopelessly adult, smiled tentatively at their new boss. Never had they seen such a man.

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AS I SAW IT (continued)

Stamfordites, including the mayor, the Holy Name Church Fife and Drum Corps and me, welcomed the team at the Stamford station. Butch Yutkenan, the Cardinals' clubhouse man, greeted me warmly and told me I could ride to the Roger Smith Hotel with the team. Later I went for a walk with Shortstop Marty Marion, showing him the town, and that evening I had dinner with the players at the hotel. Then I rode to Mitchell Field with Manager Billy Southworth, Coach Mike Gonzales and the Cards' famed brother battery, Mort and Walker Cooper. My friends, who were gathered outside the hotel, looked on enviously as I jumped into the car.

St. Louis' opponents that night were the Stamford Pioneers, a good semipro outfit made up of local talent and a number of rangers from New York City. The Pioneers were probably the equivalent of a Double-A minor league club, and they regularly played against strong barnstorming teams such as the bearded House of David and the old Black Yankees. From the 1938 Cardinal team that had devastated the Stamford all-stars, only Moore, First Baseman Johnny Mize and Outfielders Don Padgett and Enos Slaughter remained on the roster. And because of an injury, Slaughter was not with the Cardinals on this occasion. The new faces included Marion, the Cooper brothers, Leftfielder Johnny Hopp, Third Baseman Jimmy Brown and Second Baseman Frank Crespi.

At the outset, another Cardinal rout appeared likely. Brown opened with a double, but was thrown out trying to stretch it into a triple. Hopp then tripled and scored on a single by Mize. After going down in order in the first, the Pioneers tied the game in the second and scored again in the third to lead 2-1. During the 1938 game, the jittery Stamford team had committed seven errors and were pitiful at bat. The Pioneers were more poised. When Mize struck out in the third with Moore on first, and when Hopp, one of the National League's best hitters, fanned with the bases loaded in the fourth, the crowd of 5,000 went wild.

In the bottom of the fourth, a local hero named Joe Yaeger belted a home run over the left-field fence to make it 3-1. The spectators, many of whom had witnessed the 1938 massacre, were delirious. Was it possible? Could the Pioneers beat the mighty Cardinals? It appeared highly possible when most of the

continued

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AS I SAW IT continued

St. Louis regulars left the game in the fifth inning. I felt crushed. My friends would never let me forget it if the Pioneers won. I became even more apprehensive in the seventh inning when the Pioneers scored two more runs to take a 5-1 lead.

Going into the ninth I was near tears. The Cards were my adopted team (I had switched my allegiance from the Yankees the day I received that letter from St. Louis). I had gotten to meet and talk with most of the players. How could they let me down? Some of my friends began to ridicule me. "You wrote to the wrong team, Jack," yelled one.

Compared to the 1938 Cardinals, this club was more businesslike, more solemn. There was no raucous pepper game, no Pepper Martin waving a flashlight to dramatize the inadequacy of the lights and no levity on the bench. Perhaps the players were thinking about the Dodgers and their half-game lead. They seemed to be going through the motions, eager to leave town and resume the pennant race.

Then in the ninth inning the Gas House spirit flared. Hopp doubled, Estel Crabtree walked, Coaker Triplett singled, Padgett doubled and Crespi walked. Suddenly the Cards were within one run of the Pioneers, the bises were loaded and Walker Cooper was at bat with two out. I was so overjoyed by the rally that I tripped as I went to hand Cooper his bat and fell flat on my face, evoking derisive laughter from my friends sitting nearby. Fuming, I besought the stoical Cooper to get a hit off Al Spiers, the losing pitcher in the 1938 game. He swung lustily at three sweeping curves. On the last one, I closed my eyes. I heard the ball slam into the catcher's mitt, then the roar of the crowd. To me it was as if the Mighty Casey had struck out again. Spiers—and Stamford—had been avenged.

The Cardinals hurried to their waiting cars for the trip back to the hotel, where they would change before their all-night train trip to Boston. While they had been losing to the Stamford Pioneers, the Dodgers had been beating Pittsburgh to go a full game in front. (Brooklyn went on to win the pennant by $2\frac{1}{2}$ games.) Crestfallen, I clutched a used baseball that most of the players had autographed for me and picked up a broken Estel Crabtree-model bat that he had given to me. Then I began the long walk home, where I cried myself to sleep, deeply anguished but a Cardinal fan forever. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 21-27

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—DELTA STATE won its third straight AIAW championship defeating Louisiana State 68-55 in Minneapolis (page 38)

PRO BASKETBALL—New Orleans responded in the dismissal of General Manager Barry Mendelson by winning five straight, including a 100-84 overtime defeat of Kansas City and a 118-111 double-overtime victory at Indiana. Mendelson had been severely criticized for the rash decision firing of popular Coach Buden Van Bruns Koff, under whom the team 10-42. Jazz had a winning 16-12 record, and the high price he paid—two first-round draft choices—for aging Guard Gail Goodrich, who has been opened most of the season. League-leading scorer Pat Maravich averaged 34.3 points a game during the last seven wins after his defeat by New Orleans. The Kings lost high-scoring Guard Brian Taylor when he injured his lower back. Taylor had a total of 82 points in Kansas City's win over Golden State and the New York Knicks. While on his, the Kings dropped three and lost over-half game behind the bottom team in the league, the Chicago Bulls (page 76), in the battle for the first playoff spot in the Western Conference. Seattle won two games and fell two games behind the Kings. Former ABA President John Y. Brown became the sole owner of the Buffalo Braves, buying out Paul Seydler. The purchase was announced shortly before the Braves lost to Los Angeles 92-89. Brown said he was considering moving Buffalo to Miami where the ABA's Flamingo Hotel, or its Louisiana where he could operate the ABA's Coliseum.

BILLIARDS—WILLIAM HAYI HUNGERFORD of Arizona State beat Marshall University's Jack Adams 100-28 for the NCAA title, in Columbus, S.C. PULE BENTZ, a University of Wisconsin player, defeated Nancy Wainger of Queens (N.Y.) College 80-32 for the women's crown.

DOWLING—JOHN PETRAGLIA of St. Louis, who had been a coach since 1974, lost Bill Spiguer 278-222 in the \$100,000 U.S. Open in Greensboro, N.C.

FENCING—Third with New York University at the end of regular competition, NOTRE DAME won a second-off for its first NCAA championship, at South Bend.

GOLF—Australia's GRAHAM MARSH lost a final-round 89 to wipe out Tom Watson's four-stroke lead and won the Sun Fun Message Golf Classic at Mission Head Island, S.C., beating Watson by one stroke with a 273 11-hole-par. It was Marsh's first victory on the American tour since he moved from \$45,000.

SANDRA PALMER, 36, shot a seven-under-par 280, four strokes better than Hollis Stacy, to win the inaugural Kentucky County Tournament and \$22,500 in Louisville's Sea Fox Club.

COLLEGE HOCKEY—WISCONSIN won the NCAA ice hockey championship, 4-1, in overtime in Detroit on Left Winger Steve Allen's second goal of the game (page 65)

PRO HOCKEY—NHL At 5:57 of the third period, Montreal's Guy Lafleur scored his 51st goal of the season to give the Canadiens a 3-1 lead over St. Louis. Although Lafleur's tally was unimportant to the outcome of the game—the Habs went on to win 6-1—16,827 Forum fans gave the 27-year-old right wing a three-minute winning ovation because he had met brother Bruce Boudreau's 1959 record by scoring at least one point in 23 straight games. Lafleur added it 25 in a row with a goal and three assists in the Canadiens' last Detroit 4-0 and 6-0. At the bottom of the New York Islanders, the famed Red Wings were working on a different kind of streak they were obtaining 17-1 in four losses, suffered their 16th and 11th shutouts of the season and now their winless streak to 15. Buffalo and Boston continued to jockey for the top spot in the Adams. The Bruins beat Detroit 6-0, picked up five third-period goals to snap Toronto's 7-5 and whipped Pittsburgh 3-0 to win within one point of the Sabres, who beat Atlanta and Cleveland but were held at Colorado and lost in Los Angeles. In the other undisciplined divisional battle, the New York Islanders snatched within two points of Philadelphia in the Patrick with three wins and a 1-1 tie at Toronto. Philadelphia's Reggie Leach scored with just 18 seconds remaining to salvage a 4-3 tie at Vancouver, then had two goals in the Flyers' win at Boston and two more in a 9-1 rout of the Canucks back in Philadelphia.

WHA In a battle of dominant leaders, Quebec beat Houston 6-2 as Real Cloutier scored in 6:10 and 6:20 goals. The Newquists and Aeros have split their six games this year, each winning three at home. Cincinnati clung to a two-point lead over Indianapolis in the fight for second in the East. The Stingers upended the Capitals as the worst overtime team in the league by losing to Baltimore 4-3—and now are 6-7-1 in O/T. After losing Calgary 4-2 for its last straight win at home, Houston lost one at home for the first time since December to Winnipeg 5-3. Having played 14 games without a victory, San Diego did an about-face and took four in a new San Diego, Calgary, which had dropped 10 straight, pulled out a 5-4 win over Phoenix on Sunday night to end a five-game losing streak of fourth-place Edmonton and a possible playoff berth.

HORSE RACING—Looking more and more like an add-on to Kentucky Derby horse, SEATTLE SLEW 32-1 odds-on to a four-length victory over Goldenrod in the \$119,000 Preakness Stakes at Hialeah. With Jean Cragnet in the saddle, Karen Taylor's underdog colt (at the 15 minutes in 1:47 1/4) gave 361

HARISTONY (\$6,800) with Bill Shoemaker up won the \$199,000 Santa Anita Derby by three lengths over Fox The Muleman. The 3-year-old colt carried the 156 miles in 1:48 1/4.

SWIMMING—Twelve American swimmers were on it in the 16 events at the 54th annual NCAA championship in Cleveland. USC took its fourth straight men's title with 185 points. Alabama finished a distant second with 204. TONY JOHN NABER took the 100- and 200-yard backstroke and set an NCAA record of 10 individual titles in four years (page 26)

TEENING—CHRIS EVERT defeated England's Sue Barker 2-6, 6-1, 6-0 to win her fourth Virginia Slims championship and \$50,000 in New York's Madison Square Garden (page 24)

WRESTLING—The SAVVY UNION was its fifth straight World Cup in Tokyo, Ohio, beating the U.S. Japan and Canada. The only individual American women in the final match with the U.S.S.R. were Jani Leivonen (130 pounds) and Stan Denslow (160 pounds)

NALPOTS—MARRIED BERT JONES, 25, Baltimore Colts cornerback and the NFL's Most Valuable Player for 1976, in Danville, Dupont, 22, in Opelousa, La.

DIED—JOE SYDIAHAR, 46, a member of the college and pro football Hall of Fame, of a heart attack, in Berkeley, Va. An All-American tackle at West Virginia, Sydiahar went on to become an All-Pro in nine seasons (1950-62), 1963-65 with the Chicago Bears. Last he coached the Los Angeles Rams (1970-71)—the Rams became the Cleveland Browns 26-17 for the 1971 NFL crown—and the Chicago Cardinals (1973-74)

CREDITS

6—Tony Thomas 16—drawing by Arnold Root 35-36—Marvin E. Newman 37—Jerry Coles 38, 39—Gordon Silverman 40—Terry Truitt 41—John Inoue 42—Graham Forsythe 43—Lance Nethery 44—45—Steve Schaefer 46—47—George Long 48—John D. Horton 49—50—Tony Tomlin 51—Graham Silverman 52—53—Paula Inoue 54, 55—Linda Leland & Linda Leland 56—57—Linda Leland 58—59—Linda Leland 60—61—Linda Leland 62—63—Linda Leland 64—65—Linda Leland 66—67—Linda Leland 68—69—Linda Leland 70—71—Linda Leland 72—73—Linda Leland 74—75—Linda Leland 76—77—Linda Leland 78—79—Linda Leland 80—81—Linda Leland 82—83—Linda Leland 84—85—Linda Leland 86—87—Linda Leland 88—89—Linda Leland 90—91—Linda Leland 92—93—Linda Leland 94—95—Linda Leland 96—97—Linda Leland 98—99—Linda Leland 100—101—Linda Leland 102—103—Linda Leland 104—105—Linda Leland 106—107—Linda Leland 108—109—Linda Leland 110—111—Linda Leland 112—113—Linda Leland 114—115—Linda Leland 116—117—Linda Leland 118—119—Linda Leland 120—121—Linda Leland 122—123—Linda Leland 124—125—Linda Leland 126—127—Linda Leland 128—129—Linda Leland 130—131—Linda Leland 132—133—Linda Leland 134—135—Linda Leland 136—137—Linda Leland 138—139—Linda Leland 140—141—Linda Leland 142—143—Linda Leland 144—145—Linda Leland 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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SPIRIT OF '76

Sir,

I totally agree with Curry Kirkpatrick about the 76ers (Good, But Why Not the Bear?, March 21). I hope players and management read this article. Maybe then they can figure out what's gone wrong.

FRED PALERMO
Philadelphia

Sir,

Lloyd Free's head is as big as Fitz Dixon's bank account!

DAVID J. SARTORY
East Norwich, N.Y.

Sir,

The 76ers' problem is the same one the Los Angeles Lakers had nine seasons ago when they acquired Wilt Chamberlain from Philadelphia to go along with Elgin Baylor and Jerry West. Obviously the 76ers failed to get the message: The conflict of egos and lack of harmony and unity that kept the Lakers from winning the title in 1968-69 will do the same thing to this year's 76ers.

Unless Gene Shue starts acting like a coach and the players stop griping, they will win a lot of games but not the championship. Teamwork, discipline and hard work determine the finished product. Talent is just the raw material. A team wins championships when the above ingredients are added to the raw material.

I had to laugh when Shue said, "I've never had a job where my team stayed mediocre. They get good." With the players the 76ers have, my pet St. Bernard could coach them and they'd still win. The front office ought to tell the players to play basketball or quit. Then they should fire Shue and get a real coach.

THOMAS SCHWETZKARDT
Waukesha, Wis.

Sir,

If all Mix, Dawkins and Free want to do is complain, isn't it high time the 76ers get rid of them and find somebody who isn't interested in how many shots a game, but how many assists? Judging from their quotes, McGinnis and Collins have the right idea—play

as a team and let Julius Erving be what he is, one of the greatest ever to play the game.

JOHN REDDERCLIFF
Frederick, Md.

Sir,

The 76ers are definitely exciting and flamboyant. They have had 28 sellouts on the road and nine at home.

JIM OLSEN
Philadelphia

Sir,

Your story should have been on the New York Knicks. The Knicks are the team with the talent but not the winning record. New York has two fine guards, Earl Monroe and Walt Frazier, a great front line in Bob McAdoo, Spencer Haywood and Jim McMillan. The Knicks are the team to beat in 1977-78.

BOB TROYANO
Saddle Brook, N.J.

LOWDOWN IN ATLANTA

Sir,

Roy Blount's diagnosis of Atlanta's ailing sports franchises (Loserville, U.S.A., March

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21) is right on the money. This city has been plagued too long by double-knt lintheads like Rankin Smith and Tom Cousins trying to cash in on the glamour and growth that marked professional athletics in the '60s.

I disagree, though, that racism underlies the Hawks' inability to draw. Cousins and friends have simply never put a winner in the Omni, and the remarkable increase at the turnstiles following the Hawks' recent successes against division leaders Washington, Denver and Philadelphia is evidence that white as well as black Atlantians will back a successful team.

The Falcons, on the other hand, seem destined for failure as long as good ol' Rankin is at the helm. While the Braves are in the capable hands of Commodore Ted Turner, the Falcons must suffer Smith's basic ineptitude and murmur with disbelief as their Sugar Daddy lures the Little General (Eddie LeBaron, the new general manager) and Leeman Who (Leeman Bennett, the new head coach)?

BOB WOODLAND
Atlanta

Sir:

The idea of "too many teams too soon" is not believable; it was obvious the city was sports-starved. I have now suffered through many seasons of last-place teams. The fans,

white or black, should not be blamed. The blame belongs to the stingy owners and inept front offices. The Braves, for instance, traded Henry Aaron for Dave May, Dave May? The Falcons signed Norb Hecker as their first head coach, over Paul Brown and Vince Lombardi. Norb Hecker? The Hawks' failure to sign David Thompson and Marvin Webster created instant apathy among the fans. The energetic Ted Turner, a good man, will spend money and make worthwhile deals to help turn the city's sports around. It's easy to support a winning team.

JIM RIEGEL
New Orleans

Sir:

Maybe the famous SJ jinx will work to reverse this time and we will get a winner.

ANTHONY MYERS
Atlanta

Sir:

As a native San Diegoan I was shocked to see that Atlanta was your selection for "Lowerville, U.S.A." How could you possibly overlook a town with as dismal a sports record as San Diego? The last winning team we had in a major league was the 1969 Chargers, which have since had seven consecutive losing seasons. Our Padres have had a losing record all eight years they have been in the National League, including an unprecedented

six straight last-place finishes. And let's not overlook eight consecutive losing seasons in professional basketball—four by the NBA Rockets and four by the ABA Conquistadors/Sails. San Diego has established a fine tradition of losing, so let's give credit where credit is due.

EOGEE CARSON
Berkeley, Calif.

MIKITA'S 500TH

Sir:

Sean Mikita of the Chicago Black Hawks has been playing in the NHL for 19 seasons. Don't you feel that his 500th goal, against the Vancouver Canucks on Feb. 27, is important enough to mention in FOR THE RECORD?

BARREY ROZNER
Wilmette, Ill.

AETNA WORLD CUP

Sir:

Frank Deford's article on the troubles that the Australians are having in the Aetna World Cup (After the Last Hurrah, a Final Murmur, March 21) mentioned that a change in the format of the tournament is being considered.

As I understand it, the idea of altering the format has arisen because the Australians lost by a score of 7-0 this year. I don't think this fair. The Australians are still ahead 5-3 in command.

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19TH HOLE continued

the series. The Americans lost four years in a row and that did not bring about a clamor for the format to be changed.

I feel the Australians should be given a couple of years more to see if they can end their losing streak. The World Cup is an event that quite a few people look forward to.

MELISSA GRIESE
New Canaan, Conn.

BOWLING ALONG

Sir:

What you call the huge success of *Bowling for Dollars* (Right Up the Viewers' Alley, March 21) can be explained relatively easily here in Baltimore. In the middle of each show, the state's daily three-digit lottery number is drawn out of three huge jars, each containing 10 Ping-Pong balls numbered 0-9. There are 2,030 Marylanders holding tickets, waiting to see if their number is drawn. So they won't miss the drawing, they watch *Bowling for Dollars* from the start, and since by the time the number is drawn all the other 7 to 7:30 shows are half over, they watch it to the end.

DAVID SASLAV
Baltimore

GOODEY, HERMAN

Sir:

Never has an article in *Sports Illustrated* evoked so many memories as Ron Rau's piece on Herman and his friends (*The Day the Pike Put the Move on Herman*, Feb. 28). It has been at least 20 years since my father took me spearing for yellow perch near my boyhood home by Saginaw Bay. I read many passages aloud to my wife because I was so excited by the author's remembrances. Some things never change.

BARRY WACKERLE
Conquest Mills
Nova Scotia

HORSING AROUND

Sir:

The reference to naming Secretariat's foals (SCORECARD, March 21) brought to mind the name proposed several years ago for the foal of Beach, a southern Illinois thoroughbred Son of Beach.

GARY C. THOMAS
Glenview, Ill.

30-SECOND CLOCK

Sir:

I recently witnessed a basketball game between Providence College and Fairfield University in which the final score was 44-31 in favor of Providence. Fairfield's plan was simply to stall in order to pull off an upset, or at least to avoid being blown out. Afterward, the subject of the 30-second clock came up. Why does it have to be a choice between leaving the game the way it is, which allows a team to pass the ball around all night and bore everyone, and installing the 30-second clock, which would turn college basketball into run-and-shoot, one-on-one affairs.

To leave the game the way it is would be a
continued

Together, they won college football's highest award.

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In 1973, while John Cappelletti was winning the Heisman Trophy as the outstanding college football player in America, his younger brother Joey was suffering from leukemia.

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18TH HOLE continued

mistake in my opinion, but to install a 30-second clock would be an even bigger one. Team play, set plays, coaching plans, intelligence, would go down the drain. The UCLA's, the Indiana's, the teams with the big budgets would get, as always, the most talent, and the 30-second clock would benefit those schools more than anyone else. The Princeton's, the Providences, etc., would have to convert to this run-and-gun style and would not be as successful.

Why not a 60-second clock? This would keep teams from going into those ridiculous stalls, while at the same time allowing for some good passing, set plays, game plans, etc. It would allow elements of the college game to continue to be important.

RUSSELL C. TEEDMAN Jr.
Riverside, R.I.

RARE MEDLEY

Sr.
In FOR THE RECORD of March 7, under Track & Field, you mention the Los Angeles Mercantiles winning the 880-yard medley in 1:42.6.

How do you break down an 880-yard medley?

ROBERT A. SPILER
El Paso, Texas

■ This seldom-run event is for women only. It consists of a 440-yard leg, two of 110 yards and one of 220 yards.—ED

STRANGE INTERLUDE

Sr.

Your story of the Stratford High team that had to lose in order to win (SCORECARD, March 7) reminds me of what must be a classic in college baseball. In 1929 the Northwest Conference consisted of five schools, each playing a 16-game schedule. In May, Oregon, Oregon State and Idaho were out of the race, and with only four games to play on the road, the Washington Huskies were a half game behind Washington State because of a rained-out game, there being no provision for replay of a rainout.

In the third inning of a game against the Cougars, the Huskies had a 5-2 lead when Coach Tubby Graves noticed menacing black clouds overhead. "We have to get in five innings to make it an official game," he told the first batter. "Get up there and strike out."

There followed two of the strangest innings ever witnessed by baseball fans. The Huskies tried to get up and get out, swinging at bad pitches, throwing third strikes foul and making no effort to score. Meanwhile, the Cougars tried to provoke the action in the hope that the game would be rained out. One Washington runner on first, after being hit by a pitch, ran toward second and stopped short as the catcher unthinkingly threw to the second baseman. Tubby yelled, "Tag yourself," and the runner obliged by gently lifting his knee into the fielder's glove. The Cougar pitcher stalled by winding up interminably,

throwing bad pitches, conferring with other players. The catcher's equipment was inspected and changed by Cougar Coach Buck Backus with one eye on his catcher, the other on the sky.

After three innings of such play the umpires still had not called the travesty. Then the clouds blew over, and a good ball game ensued. The Huskies won that game and ultimately the conference championship.

In the annals of baseball there must have been similar situations, but I have never heard of them.

ARTHUR L. GABBY HARNETT
Professor Emeritus
State College, Pa.

SUGAR

Sr.

Yesterday up at the 5th Street Gym I met the "new" Sugar Ray, and my thoughts went to the piece Pat Putnam did about young Leonard (*The Day the Gold Turned Green*, Feb. 14). The true test of this young man is not, nor will it be, in the ring but in his soul—how he reacts to all the publicity and how much of his fate he can control, if any. I wish him well.

Back in 1964 I boxed for Angelo Dundee, too, but unfortunately two years later I got drafted and went into the Army. They made me a medic, a combat medic. I did a tour and a half in Viet Nam and came back with scrap iron in my leg and something worse in my soul. But this is another story. I had a few more fights, trained some, fought in Africa, made a little money. In all of my 43 fights put together I didn't make anything close to what Sugar Ray made in his first, but I had a good time and walk am in the business. I box and work with the PAL kids down here.

The Leonard piece was very good. Keep up the good work.

DON'T. L. LIZ
Miami

COACHING BUBBLES

Sr.

Kent Hannon's article on Bubbles Hawkins (*Nets Sink, Bubbles Rises*, March 7) left out an interesting fact. Bubbles' teacher was Coach Will Robinson of Oerstrum Pershing High School and Illinois State University. Bubbles joins a list of great athletes trained by Coach Robinson, including Spencer Haywood, Ralph Simpson, Mel Daniels and baseball's Ted Starnore. Robinson also was the coach at Illinois State when Doug Collins and Bubbles scored their 57 and 58 points.

Will Robinson is not only a great coach but also an outstanding gentleman who deserves the recognition.

RICHARD A. BARTON
Englewood, Colo.

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I can flip the tailgate down for loading, or sideways like a door, with the window up or down. Even the hinges are concealed for easier loading. I ordered the new rear-facing



third seat because you can open it with one hand without climbing in; and I ordered the roof rack with adjustable crossbars.

Yet this is more than just a roomy station wagon. It's an Oldsmobile.



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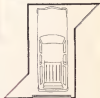
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Brand S Menthol	16	1.2
Brand S Menthol 100	16	1.2
Brand R 100	16	1.0
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K Menthol	17	1.4

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg. cigarette	nicotine mg. cigarette
Brand P Box	15	0.8
Brand K Mild	14	0.9
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand Q	13	0.9
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.7
Brand V	10	0.7
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
Brand M	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than *1	*0.1

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